

# The GRAIL



# The Grail

Volume 30, No. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1948

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## LETTER TO GRAIL READERS

Thinking back over the year you will recall the appeal I wrote for the war sufferers, September, 1947 issue of the GRAIL, "Christ Hungers in Europe." It is fitting that the GRAIL family should know the extent of its generous cooperation, in administering to the critical needs of His little ones. One hundred and ten readers wrote to me. Many requested addresses, to which you planned to send food, clothing, each month. CARE food boxes were ordered for addresses described in detail. Other friends contributed a total of nine hundred and fifty dollars (\$950.00) with which money I purchased supplies, packed and shipped the boxes from the individual donors. Used clothing in good condition, and shoes, were also sent to me.

Such was your Christlike answer to these miserably destitute war victims, who still cry for bread in the literal sense of the word. Throughout the world, an estimated number of 230,000,000 children are in danger of death, from hunger. Your gifts of food, clothing, shoes, sent to priests, nuns, hospitals, families for distribution were instrumental in saving many lives. Your spiritual friendship lighted the torch of Hope, and restored Faith in desolate hearts. You have been His little apostles, bringing the Peace of Heaven, Love, and Mercy to His poor, sorely tried friends. They pray daily that Our Lord will pour His Blessings upon you and your dear ones. Throughout the coming months, will you sacrifice and share your material possessions, for the greater honor and glory of God? We must work more zealously and pray. The voice of our prayer to Christ and Mary must become louder and stronger, so that a new judgment does not come upon the world.

Millions of abandoned children, members of families, students, Priests, Nuns, Physicians, Nurses, Teachers, leaders in Catholic Action among the laity, refugees, Displaced Persons, will freeze and die in the coming winter snows, unless we take up their Cross. "..... the whole head is sick and the whole heart is sad. From the sole of the foot unto the top of the head, there is no soundness therein: wounds and bruises and swelling sores: they are not bound up, nor dressed, nor fomented with oil. Your land is desolate, your cities are burnt with fire; your country, strangers devour before your face, and it shall be desolate as when wasted by enemies." (Isaiah 1:5-7) Will you lovingly bind and heal these wounds, which are the Wounds of Christ, the Divine Victim?

Gratefully in Christ,  
Doris Ann Doran

221 Morris Avenue  
Providence 6, R. I.

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(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$2.00 a year: Canada \$2.50. Foreign \$3.00. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917: authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL,  
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.



# OUR LADY OF FATIMA

## HOPE OF THE WORLD

### Part V

Oklahoma City-Tulsa, Santa Fe and Gallup Dioceses

STEPHEN ORAZE

*"America's 'Pilgrim Virgin' continues its amazing pilgrimage throughout the United States, seeking a sufficient number of people who will hear and heed the message of Fatima. Perhaps as you read this eye-witness account of the pilgrimage you will join your prayers with the hundreds of thousands of souls, who, having knelt at the feet of this beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima, are now fulfilling her requests. They are making reparation for their own sins, the sins of others, and are praying for the conversion of Russia and for world peace. In this article are suggested several ways in which you might make reparation to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary "so grievously offended."*

*Permission is given to our readers, and to all newspapers and magazines to reprint this article in whole or in part.*

**"W**AR is nothing more than a punishment from God for sin." So spoke the Blessed Virgin Mary to the three little shepherd children of Fatima in 1917. Here in these United States of America, we foolishly hope to avoid war in spite of the fact that daily in the sight of God, there ascends from this land of ours a most horrible and never-ending stream of blasphemies, insults, outrages, crimes, sacrileges, abominations, desecrations and impurities. Unless proper atonement is made for these offenses, as sure as night follows day, war, Communism, religious persecution, famine and personal disaster will bring utter ruin, destruction, and chaos to this fair land of ours. There is no human power that can prevent this, other than the prayers and sacrifices of a "sufficient number" of souls who will make reparation for their own sins and those of others.

In greatly increasing numbers, people are beginning to realize the truth of this simple statement by Our Lady that "war is nothing more than a punishment from God for sin" and are beginning to do something about it. Although the

leaders of the world banish God from their council tables, and make threats at each other that bring atomic war closer and closer, these "little people"—having lost faith in human leadership—are turning to the Mother of God and asking her to lead the way. Particularly in this country do they continue to throng by the thousands around the feet of her beautiful image, the "Pilgrim Virgin," that they might learn and heed the all-important message of salvation she gave to a despairing world at Fatima, Portugal, in 1917.

### BISHOP McGUINESS URGES "FAMILY ROSARY"

Bidding "farewell" to Texas after nearly two months in that state, the "Pilgrim Virgin" on June 16th opened a week's visit in the Oklahoma City-Tulsa Diocese. Nearly 3000 Catholics—more than half the total in the city—turned out to welcome the famous image upon its arrival at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church, Oklahoma City. Because the crowd was so large, services were held outdoors on the Monastery grounds of the Carmelite Fathers.



Nearly 3000 persons gathered on the Monastery grounds of the Carmelite Fathers to welcome the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Oklahoma City, June 16th.

As he crowned the statue in welcome, Bishop Eugene McGuinness urged the return of the "Family Rosary" in every Catholic home as a means of obtaining world peace and the conversion of Russia, as well as a solution for the problems of the individual, the family, and the world.

Following the sermon on Fatima by Monsignor McGrath, the statue was carried in candle-light procession into the church, where Bishop McGuinness officiated at Solemn Benediction. The next morning the Bishop celebrated Pontifical Mass in the church, which again was filled to overflowing. This was true for nearly all of the services held during the two-day stay of the famous replica there. In spite of scorching temperatures that reached 100 degrees on both days, more than 10,000 persons attended the various services, including hundreds of non-Catholics. One Methodist minister came to have his sick child blessed by the priest, and touched to the beautiful image of our Lady.

Friday night, June 18th, the Marian Hour was conducted at St. John the Baptist Church, Edmond, Oklahoma. This was the first church established in Oklahoma after the famous "run," when that territory was opened to settlers by the Government. Here, as usual, an overflow crowd of Catholics and non-Catholics attended the services honoring Our Lady of Fatima.

That week-end an estimated 4500 persons attended the services for peace and the conversion of

Russia held at Holy Family Cathedral, Tulsa, Oklahoma. For the closing ceremony Sunday night, June 20th, the Catholic young women had prepared a beautiful altar on the school grounds. Using one side of the school building as a background, they had placed lighted candles in all the windows, creating a magnificent setting for the services. However, the Rosary had just been completed when "the rains came" and the more than 1500 people in attendance had to seek shelter in the Cathedral, where the service was concluded.

#### PILGRIMAGE PARTY HAS NARROW ESCAPE

Leaving Tulsa, the pilgrimage car traveled over the famous U.S. Highway 66 on its way to Elk City, Oklahoma, for the last stop in the diocese. That afternoon, about 4:00 P.M., a cloudburst occurred near Hydro, Oklahoma. Twice the pilgrimage party was forced to stop because it was impossible to see through the torrential downpour, the last stop being made at about 4:20 P.M. Finally the rains abated just enough for the car to proceed slowly over roads covered with water. Within a few minutes after the pilgrimage was on its way again

Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne prays before the "Pilgrim Virgin" in his private chapel preparatory to the opening of a three-week visit in the Santa Fe Archdiocese.







Silhouetted against the skyline of Santa Fe, the "Pilgrim Virgin" is carried into St. Francis Cathedral for the opening services in that archdiocese on June 30th.

a ten-foot wall of water from a nearby swollen creek swept over Highway 66 at almost the very spot where the car had been parked. More than fifty cars, trucks, and buses were trapped and literally swept off the road—one huge cross-country bus being picked up and spun around. The entire area for miles around was flooded for several days, and river-beds that had been so dried-up as to be the cause of dust storms, soon became swollen and raging streams. Hundreds of people were forced to sit on the tops of cars and trees throughout the night and next day—and more than nine persons lost their lives.

So for the fourth time during the course of this pilgrimage, a national highway was closed shortly after the car bearing the "Pilgrim Virgin" had passed over it—the others being U.S. Highways 1, 31, and 90. In all four cases the subsequent weather was so bad and so violent that it seemed the powers of hell were trying to do everything possible to keep people from attending the services—but in each case capacity or overflow crowds were on hand to see the statue in spite of the elements.

Because they occur so frequently in some parts of Oklahoma, causing much damage and taking many lives, the people in these areas have a great fear of tornadoes. Most yards have build-in caves where the inhabitants speed at the

first sign of a tornado, often spending many nights there. But despite the fact that thunderstorms and tornado weather persisted for the two-day visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin," capacity crowds filled St. Joseph's Church, Elk City, Oklahoma, June 22nd and 23rd.

During the week the famous statue was in the Oklahoma City-Tulsa Diocese, more than 15,000 persons attended the various services, representing more than one fifth of the entire Catholic population in this vast state where there is about one Catholic for each of the nearly 70,000 square miles.

#### SANTA FE IS SCENE OF MANY WONDERFUL DEMONSTRATIONS

Santa Fe, through its great Marian apostle, Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne, was one of the first cities to request a visit from the "Pilgrim Virgin"—asking for the statue almost as soon as it had arrived in the United States last December. During the intervening months before this visit was to be a reality, great preparations were made for the coming of Our Lady's image. Through the archdiocesan newspaper the Santa Fe Register, and by word of mouth the people were informed of the progress of the tour as it continued throughout this country. Four years earlier the complete story of Fatima had been

Young and old come to venerate the beautiful image of Our Lady at St. Francis Cathedral, Santa Fe, more than 20,000 honoring her in three days.





**Monsignor McGrath preaches sermon on Fatima during Pontifical Mass celebrated by Archbishop Byrne at St. Francis Cathedral, Santa Fe.**

published in serial form on the front pages of the Santa Fe Register. So it was small wonder that the people of Santa Fe gave the "Pilgrim Virgin" a royal welcome in every one of the churches visited in that city.

On June 30th a crowd of more than 2500 escorted the beautiful image in public procession through the main streets to St. Francis Cathedral. There it was welcomed and crowned by Archbishop Byrne, opening a three-week visit in the Archdiocese. During the three days the statue remained at the Cathedral some 20,000 persons attended the various services. Particularly impressive were the numerous confessions and the large numbers who received Holy Communion, especially on July 3rd, the first Saturday of the month. As usual, there were the groups who had made special pilgrimages of many miles to see the statue. One such band arrived during the time the image had been removed from the church and was being repainted. Not to be denied, these god people gathered in the sacristy to kneel and pray before Our Lady, as the artist removed the marks of wear that had gathered during several months of travel.

At all of the services held in the Cathedral, Archbishop Byrne either officiated or presided, personally leading his flock in the devotions to Our Lady of Fatima. Before the statue left Santa

Fe, the Archbishop announced his intention of having the First Saturday devotion officially established in every church in the archdiocese; and if possible, to arrange to have the votive Mass in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary celebrated during the devotions.

From the Cathedral, the statue was taken to Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, Santa Fe on Sunday afternoon, July 4th. There, a most colorful procession of Spanish-Americans, many in native dress, greeted Our Lady. In spite of a warm afternoon, the crowd was almost as large as the one which had welcomed the famed replica at the Cathedral a few days earlier. In the procession, children formed a living Rosary of the entire fifteen decades. Behind each banner which proclaimed the mysteries, ten children marched—one for each Hail Mary. A native string band provided

music as the people joined in singing hymns. On July 5th, while most people throughout the land celebrated the independence of our nation, thousands more gathered at the feet of the "Pilgrim Virgin" in Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, asking Our Lady of Fatima to grant this country the peace of God, and not of men. Although the little church holds only about 300 people, more than 7500 had come to fill it time and time again during the 24 hours the statue remained there.

Similar scenes were repeated at both St. Ann's Church, and Christo Rey (Christ The King) Church in Santa Fe during one-day visits in each. All in all, more than 35,000 had come to see the

**Ex-servicemen form a guard of honor, as a native string band serenades the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, Santa Fe.**





Eighteen soldiers who made a special 200-mile trip from Walker Air Force Base to see the "Pilgrim Virgin", march in procession as the statue is carried to Sacred Heart Church, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

famous statue during the week it visited the various churches of that city.

#### FATIMA OR THE ATOM BOMB?

A truly dramatic visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" took place the evening of July 7th, when the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary stopped at the Government's atomic research center, high in the mountains, at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Here scientists are engaged in studying the potentialities of the atom for war and peace. About 100 miles away was dropped the first practice atom bomb. It had burned much of the surrounding earth into glass crystals, had destroyed most of the vegetation, and had almost completely vaporized into nothing a 100 foot metal tower. Newspapers and magazines have been filled with stories of the tremendous destructive power of the bomb since the first was dropped in actual warfare over Hiroshima just three years ago. The Bikini tests have proved how this destructive force remains to take away life even years after the bomb has been released. Against such horrible weapons—which military leaders now tell us are obsolete, having been replaced by even more terrible forms of warfare—what chance has the individual, the family, the nation, or civilization for survival?

As the "Pilgrim Virgin" was enthroned in the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Los Alamos that evening, Archbishop Byrne gave the answer. In a momentous address before a great crowd of these government workers and families who had filled the church to overflowing, the Archbishop stated: "The visit of the 'Pilgrim Virgin' of Fati-

ma to the atom bomb city of Los Alamos is historic and weighted with significance. This new parish was named after the Immaculate Heart of Mary because Fatima had taught us that peace would come to our saddened, war-torn world through the Mother of God. Los Alamos holds the potential weapon of world destruction. Here tonight we have the famous statue of her who is world salvation. Do not place your hope of true world peace in men, but in the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady of Fatima, through whom the Sacred Heart of Jesus will bring world peace with justice and charity. Comply with her requests manifested at Fatima, which form a peace plan from Heaven."

#### SOLDIERS TRAVEL 200 MILES TO SEE STATUE

When the "Pilgrim Virgin" arrived for a stay at Sacred Heart Church, Albuquerque, New Mexico on July 9th, it was greeted by nearly 1500 people, including a group of 18 soldiers (4 officers and 14 enlisted men) who had made a 200-mile trip from Walker Air Force Base, Roswell,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Jose Garcia, pastor, welcomes the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Sacred Heart Church, Albuquerque, New Mexico, July 9th. In the foreground are seated some of the 18 soldiers who made a special 200-mile trip from Walker Air force base, Roswell, N.M., to see the famous statue.





"Standing guard" is the war chief of Laguna Pueblo who sacrificed his lunch hour to remain standing beside the "Pilgrim Virgin" for two hours during the visit at San Jose Mission.

New Mexico, just to see the famous statue. The soldiers had read about the tour in the Santa Fe Register, and led by Chaplain (Captain) William B. Benson, had come to pay their respects. In recognition of the sacrifice they had made in coming so far, these soldiers who are training for war were given the honor of carrying and escorting into the church, the beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima who is trying so desperately to bring true peace to the world. The soldiers remained to serve as a guard of honor during the services that evening, and to offer their prayers that there would be no war. More than 10,000 persons added their prayers for this same intention during the next two days the "Pilgrim Virgin" remained at Sacred Heart Church.

The same enthusiastic reception that has been characteristic of the entire archdiocese awaited Our Lady's message during a two-day visit that began July 12th at Immaculate Conception Church, Albuquerque.

## STATUE VISITS INDIAN PUEBLOS

Enroute to Gallup, New Mexico from Albuquerque, the pilgrimage party stopped for lunch and a three-hour visit at Laguna Indian Pueblo. There the "Pilgrim Virgin" was enshrined in historic old San Jose Mission Church, which was established in 1699. After recitation of the Rosary, the statue was borne through the streets of the pueblo, led by the local governor and the war chief, and followed by a great crowd of Indians and tourists. As Fr. Agnellus Lammert, O.F.M., pastor of the Mission expressed it: "Practically everybody in the pueblo is here, except possibly those who have bread baking in the ovens." In the procession were five Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth who had driven more than 130 miles to see the statue at Albuquerque. But they arrived just 15 minutes too late. Not to be disappointed, they immediately hastened to cover the extra 45 miles to Laguna. After taking part in the procession, and witnessing the impressive ceremony, these nuns agreed the trip was certainly worth all the trouble they had gone to and more.

Arriving in Gallup July 15th, another huge crowd greeted the "Pilgrim Virgin"—with more than 1500 taking part in the public procession and jamming Sacred Heart Cathedral far beyond capacity to hear the message of Fatima. In the absence of Bishop Bernard Espelage who was out of the city, Very Rev. Pax Schicker, O.F.M., Chancellor, welcomed and crowned the statue. Rev. Jerome Hesse, O.F.M., Pastor, officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the services, more than 18 Franciscan Fathers from Gallup and sur-

Some of the 18 Franciscan Fathers who gathered in the sanctuary of Sacred Heart Cathedral, Gallup, New Mexico to sing special hymns of praise to Our Lady.





rounding Missions remained in the sanctuary to sing special hymns of praise to Our Lady.

The following morning, on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the statue was taken for two hours to St. Francis Church in Gallup. Though the visit was not officially announced, the church was full for almost the entire time the statue remained there.

Climaxing the visit to the Gallup Diocese, the image of the Blessed Mother stopped for an hour at St. Mary's Hospital. While there, it was taken to the various rooms to be venerated individually by the patients. Words cannot begin to describe the unexpected joy experienced by the sick, and their sincere appreciation at being given the opportunity to see and touch the famous statue. According to the sisters in charge of the hospital, the personal visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" benefited many of the patients more than all the doctors and medicines in the world.

### 300 CATHOLICS MAKE 10-MILE PILGRIMAGE ON FOOT

Returning to the Santa Fe Archdiocese, the "Pilgrim Virgin" visited Our Lady of Belen Church at Belen, New Mexico. More than 1100 persons attend the Marian Hour the evening of July 16th. The next morning, one of the greatest demonstrations of personal sacrifice witnessed during the entire pilgrimage took place. Rev. Joseph Assenmacher, pastor of the Catholic Church at Tome, New Mexico, personally led more than 300 of his parishioners in a pilgrimage on foot from his church to Belen—a distance of about 10 miles.

Our Lady's image being taken individually to be venerated by patients of St. Mary's Hospital, Gallup, New Mexico. The sisters stated that the personal visits did more good for many of the patients than doctors or medicine.



Pueblo Indians perform a native ceremonial dance in honor of the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" to Isleta, N.M., Pueblo. Fatima devotions have been held in St. Augustine Church there more than three years.

Most of those participating had started out as early as 5:00 o'clock in the morning. In the group were young and old—several over sixty years of age. One little girl of five had insisted on walking all the way as her special sacrifice to Our Lady. During this remarkable pilgrimage, the people prayed the Rosary and sang hymns to the Blessed Mother. As the pilgrims walked along, others joined them. Constantly checking to make sure all was well, Father Assenmacher kept walking back and forth from one end of the group to the other—and his parishioners estimate he must have covered at least three times the distance they did. Yet, upon arrival at the church he sang the High Mass at 9:00 A.M., and though the hour was late, many members of the pilgrimage had sacrificed breakfast to receive Holy Communion. After venerating the image of Our Lady for whom they had made this most pleasing sacrifice, the pilgrims returned to their homes by car and bus. It is through such great personal sacrifices as this, offered in reparation for sin, that peace will be purchased for this despairing world of ours.

Sunday, July 18th was a very busy day for the "Pilgrim Virgin." That morning about 9:30 the pilgrimage car was met at the highway by a great throng





Trappist Brothers carry Our Lady in procession at Our Lady of Guadalupe Monastery, Valley Ranch, New Mexico, while priests sing hymns in her honor.

of Indians, many in costume. They escorted the statue in procession for a mile and a quarter to St. Augustine Mission Church at Isleta Pueblo. Here, too, some remarkable demonstrations of sacrifice were recorded. Though the famous image was to be in their midst but two hours, these Indians, led by their pastor, Rev. Nicholas Schaal, had prepared for its coming by a special mission. For a week in advance the church was filled every night by these people who were most anxious to learn all about Our Lady of Fatima that they might fulfill Her requests, and also pay fitting tribute to her famed replica. In their simple and fervent devotion they covered the walls and floors of the sanctuary with beautiful Indian blankets. About thirty little children who were to receive their First Communion that morning preferred to wait until well after ten o'clock that they might have the privilege of first receiving Our Lord in the presence of the image of His Blessed Mother. To climax the services, as the statue was carried from the church, native Indians performed a special ceremonial dance as their way of saying "thank you" to the "Pilgrim Virgin" for this truly appreciated visit to Isleta Pueblo.

#### TRAPPISTS HONOR OUR LADY

That afternoon, the "Pilgrim Virgin" visited for an hour the Trappists at Our Lady of Guada-

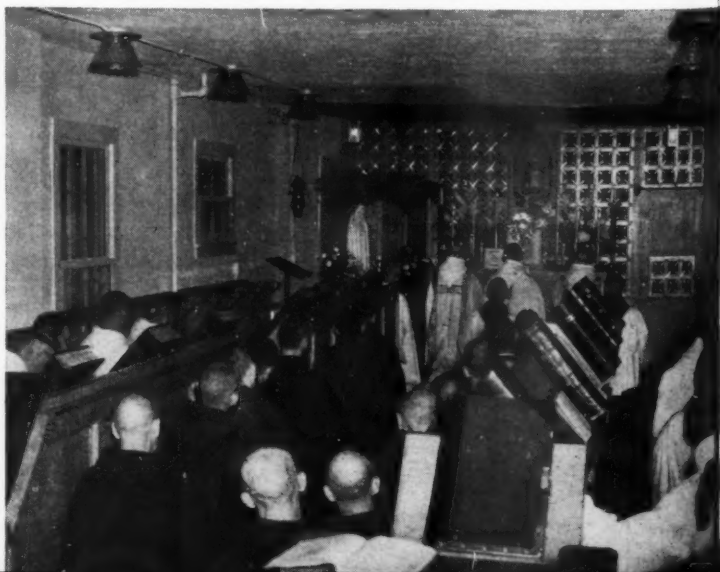
lupe Monastery, Valley Ranch, New Mexico. Because of this very special occasion, visiting rules were relaxed, and in addition to the priests and brothers a large crowd of laity was on hand to greet the statue. The people filled to overflowing the chapel, while from the cloistered side the trappists sang vespers in honor of Our Lady, and concluded the brief but memorable visit with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

For the third time in the same day the "Pilgrim Virgin" received a royal welcome, the last occasion being the reception of the statue at Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Las Vegas, New Mexico, Sunday evening. In spite of rain and threatening weather, nearly 3000 persons were on hand to greet Our Lady at the opening service. Every available bit of space was occupied, with many hundreds unable to get in the huge church. The next morning the story was the same for the Solemn High Mass, with a crowd of 2000 in attendance. Throughout the day came thousands more from the surrounding mountain towns. For hours they stood in line waiting for the opportunity of venerating this small beautifully carved image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which has become the source of renewed hope for so many heart-sick people. Within less than thirty hours, more than 10,000 had come to pray to the Mother of God, and to place in her their hope for world peace and personal happiness.

#### GOODBYE, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

In 1937, the American Hierarchy established

Solemn Benediction is offered during the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" to the Trappist Monastery at Valley Ranch, New Mexico.



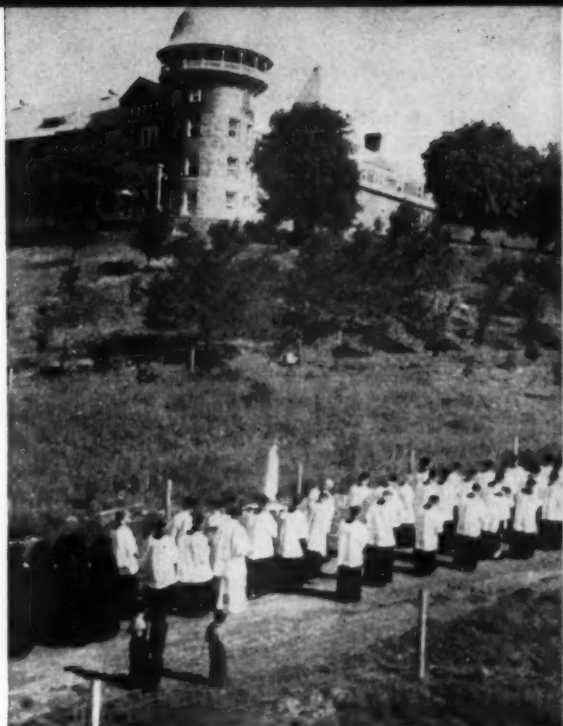
Montezuma Seminary in New Mexico. Its purpose was to train Mexican students for the priesthood in this country, because there had been a bloody religious persecution in Mexico and seminaries were closed or confiscated by the government, with priests and seminarians slain or forced to flee for their lives. Today there are over 300 seminarians at Montezuma, and many more than that number have been ordained since 1937, to return to their native land and offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on once "blood-drenched altars."

On Tuesday, July 20th, the "Pilgrim Virgin" visited this unique seminary, and for the Mexican priests and seminarians it was indeed an event of great joy. For them, not only was it a time for fulfilling the requests of Our Lady of Fatima, but it also served as an occasion to express their personal devotion to the Mother of God for whom they have a great traditional love under the title of Our Lady of Guadalupe. In addition, the coming of the statue presented the opportunity of receiving inspiration, encouragement and grace, that in returning to Mexico they might help restore anew the Faith of Christ in their fellow-countrymen. Small wonder that in joy and triumph they carried the image of the Blessed Mother around the seminary grounds, asking Her to bless their home, their studies, and particularly their future labors for Christ.

The final ceremony at Montezuma brought to a close the truly wonderful and successful stay in the Santa Fe Archdiocese. During the preceding three weeks more than 75,000 persons had filled various churches to see the "Pilgrim Virgin" and to pray for peace. Now it was the morning of departure and the seminarians gathered around the pilgrimage car to say goodbye. For themselves, for their Archbishop, and for the tremendous throngs that had honored Our Lady throughout the Archdiocese the seminarians sang a song—and because it was a song of "farewell" it contained a touch of sadness. It was a haunting refrain that had been heard many times in the Mexican and Spanish settlements where the statue had visited. As the car carrying the "Pilgrim Virgin" rolled down the driveway, in the background could be heard the voices of the seminarians singing this beautiful melody; "Adios, Reina Del cielo, Adios, Adios, Adios"—"Goodbye, Queen of Heaven, Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye."

#### THE NEED FOR REPARATION

Because prayers are requested and offered for the conversion of Russia, many people are under the impression the purpose of the "Pilgrim Virgin"



Mexican priests and seminarians, together with sisters and hundreds of laity escort the "Pilgrim Virgin" in triumphal procession around the grounds of famous Montezuma Seminary in New Mexico.

tour is to fight Communism. Actually, the primary purpose of the pilgrimage is to unite people in a crusade against *sin*; for it is *sin* alone that brings down upon this world the just wrath of Almighty God in the forms of wars, Communism, famine, religious persecution, etc.

In this the month of Our Lady's Sorrows, Her heart must indeed be heavy with grief at the serious sins and the folly of man. At Fatima She had said: "*Men must cease offending my Divine Son already too grievously offended.*" But men have not ceased offending Her Divine Son, for the world is far worse spiritually and morally today than it was in 1917.

Both at LaSalette (in 1846) and at Fatima the Blessed Virgin Mary had said: "*The hand of my Divine Son grows heavy and I can scarce hold it back any longer from striking the world in just punishment for its many crimes.*" How close must that avenging hand of Her Divine Son be now to striking the world with such horrible punishment as human mind has never imagined. Truly it will be worse than all the wars combined that have ever been visited upon the peoples of the earth. In his Christmas message to the world in 1946, Pope Pius

XII stated: "MEN MUST PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR SUFFERING SUCH AS MANKIND HAS NEVER SEEN." These words were spoken after the world had just witnessed the bloodiest war in history.

We read in the Holy Bible (Genesis—18th chapter) how Almighty God told Abraham he was about to destroy the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah—and how Abraham bargained with God, asking Him to spare the cities for the sake of the just. God agreed to hear Abraham's plea for the sake of ten just men, but there could not be found that many, and He sent fire and brimstone from Heaven (the first atomic bomb) and destroyed those cities.

Today the world, and particularly the United States, is full of cities far worse morally than Sodom and Gomorrah. Today it is the Mother of God who pleads for the sake of the just. And it would seem that Almighty God will grant Her request providing there can be found a "sufficient number" who will make reparation. Almighty God has confided the peace of the world in the hands of His Mother, for She said at Fatima: "If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace." Through the "Pilgrim Virgin" tour She is literally "hurrying around the world" and particularly this land of ours, seeking, pleading and begging for a "sufficient number" of souls who are willing to make sacrifices in atonement for their own sins and the sins of others—before it is too late. Only through sufficient reparation for the countless crimes and offenses committed against God can the Blessed Virgin Mary stay the wrath of Her Divine Son from striking our sinful world.

Almighty God never exercises His justice and wrath until He has issued several warnings, and until His mercy and love have been rejected. Our present generation has been warned repeatedly in the form of two horrible world wars, numerous other smaller wars and disasters, and countless messages from the Mother of God. We are now in the *Age of Mary*—the age of God's love and mercy, for He has placed all His mercy in His Blessed Mother. If we fail to heed Her warnings and requests, especially those made at Fatima, we will have no one to blame but ourselves for the punishment and suffering that is bound to follow.

#### MESSAGE TOO GRUESOME?

Someone remarked very recently that the people of the United States are "not ready" for such a gruesome message as this. The only answer that can be given is "When will they be ready?" Were

the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah ready for the wrath of God when not ten just could be found in them? Were the people of our generation ready for two bloody world wars; and were the families ready for all the deaths, injuries, heart-breaks and sufferings that resulted from them? More recently, were the people of Texas City ready for the disaster that practically wiped out their city—taking over 500 lives on April 16, 1947. Or were they more prepared a year later, when the "Pilgrim Virgin" was in the city, and—to the horror of thousands of Catholics kneeling in prayer to honor the dead—on the eve of the disaster the city fathers announced their intention of re-opening the houses of prostitution for the benefit of the local merchants because "all the business was going elsewhere?"

True, it is a gruesome message, but the fact remains that unless sufficient reparation is offered for the never-ending stream of horrible offenses arising daily in the sight of God, then the words of the Holy Father will soon be a reality, and *the people of the United States of America will soon be facing "suffering such as mankind has never seen."* There is the choice—reparation, or punishment more terrible than any yet experienced by man.

#### THE POWER OF REPARATION

The Bible (Jonas—3rd Chapter) cites an excellent example of the tremendous power of penance and reparation in appeasing the just wrath of Almighty God. The prophet Jonas was sent by God to warn the people of Ninive that in forty days their wicked city would be destroyed. Upon receiving the news, the king immediately issued a proclamation prescribing for everyone great penance and fasting, and calling upon them to don sackcloth and ashes and to give up the iniquity and evil that was in their hearts.

Almighty God was pleased and His anger softened, and though He had decreed the destruction of that city He spared Ninive because its inhabitants had made reparation. Today, He will spare our generation and the world if there can be found a "sufficient number" of souls who will make adequate reparation for their own sins and those of others.

#### HOW TO MAKE REPARATION

One of the greatest evils of our generation is that we have become afflicted with "selfishness" to the point that it has become a disease—a disease that might be called the "gim'mes" because we seek, to excess, the material and physical comforts and pleasures of this life. This is just as true of

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# BETWEEN THE LINES

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## MECHANICS OF DEMOCRACY

IN his Encyclical on Civil Government, Pope Leo XIII discussed the evils which attack the civil power, upon which the public good depends. In his day, as in ours, administrators of the civil order were altogether too prone to forget that government's purpose is to promote the common welfare and not that of private individuals or vested interests. Said the Holy Father in this connection: "In order that justice may be retained in the government it is of the highest importance that those who rule states should understand that political power was not created for the advantage of any private individual; and that the administration of the state must be carried on to the profit of those who have been committed to their care, not to the profit of those to whom it has been committed." In his next Encyclical, on the Christian Constitution of States, the Pope warned the administrators of the government: "If those who are in authority rule unjustly, or if they govern overbearingly or arrogantly, and if their measures prove hurtful to the people, they must remember that the Almighty will one day bring them to account, the more strictly in proportion to the sacredness of their office and the preeminence of their dignity. 'The mighty shall be mightily tormented.'"

Looking at political history since the 1880's, when these two Encyclicals on government were uttered, one must regretfully admit that all too few of those in charge

of administering civil government have paid much attention to the Pope's words. In Pope Leo's day, the Western world made a profession of being religious minded and paid at least lip service to morality in government. But in today's world, secularism is strongly entrenched in both high places and low. Hence, it is now not sufficient to admonish government officials concerning their sacred responsibilities. Too many persons have forgotten the term *sacred*. As a result, the conduct of public affairs has fallen to a new low, at least a new low for the Christian era. However, the public welfare is altogether too important for persons of good will to allow it to remain in

this condition. Since recent history has proved rather conclusively that those elected to public office cannot always be trusted to institute the necessary civil reforms, it appears obvious that, especially in a democracy, the people themselves must take the initiative.

The lack of concern which the majority of public officials show for the public welfare should convince us that the people need more mechanical means for controlling the administration of public affairs. The main reason why voters have lost so much of their former interest in candidates is because they have become utterly weary of candidates who make great and glorious promises while running for office and then, after election, forget entirely that they were elected to serve the people. Under the present system there is little that the electorate can do except grumble and await the next election as patiently as possible. While the next election may produce a new man in office, it rarely produces a new type of behavior. As a result, the American voter has become rather apathetic. This apathy has reached the danger point.

Poor government is now making its vicious weight felt in so many aspects of daily life that the existences of many Americans have become restless and unhappy. For example, inefficient government is causing the cost of living to get entirely out of hand; and so chaotic is our price-wage structure that very few face the future with much



H. C. McGINNIS

certainty. The usual norms governing our plans for the future have lost their dependability, largely either because of what government has done or what it fails to do. Remedy after remedy is promised, but conditions become steadily worse. As a result, the time has arrived when the American people must establish democratic processes by which they can exercise more control over civil decisions. In today's secularistic world, in which the moral pattern of conduct is pretty well shot to pieces, it is no longer enough to elect men to public office with reminders of their sacred trust, and then depend upon them to meet the moral obligations of their office.

The *initiative*, the *referendum*, and the *recall*, if established as practices, would furnish the means by which the American public could conquer many of the causes of its present political and economic unhappiness. These three reforms were advocated by Theodore Roosevelt; but his proposal was hammered into oblivion by the politicians of his day who did not care to have their style crimped. Today's politicians would not care for these reforms either; but the wishes of those who manage to misrepresent the American people need not concern us.

Let us consider very briefly the possibilities of the *initiative*. The *initiative* means the right of the electorate, upon a signed petition of a number of voters, usually 5% of the total registration, to call up for decision, either before the Congress or the American people as a whole, any matter which may be considered necessary for the promotion of the common good. The last Congress produced a history filled with occasions when bills designed to promote the public welfare were deliberately picked by the Congressional committee into whose hands they fell. These bills were never allowed to reach debate. Witness the Taft-Ellender Housing Bill. It was passed unanimously by the Senate and sent to the House during the early days of this year. In the

House it was locked in committee and never appeared on the floor for a general decision. Certainly anything which has been passed unanimously in either chamber is worthy of quick and definite consideration by the other. But the real estate lobby, which had brazenly bragged about the millions it had to spend blocking this and similar bills, was evidently considered far more important than the welfare of a nation desperately short of houses. If the American public were possessed of the privilege of the *initiative*, there can be absolutely no doubt but that the Housing Bill would have been brought either before the House for consideration or else before the American voter in a public election.

While it is true that bills which are pickled in committee can be brought on to the floor by a petition containing a certain number of signatures, very often lobbies and their pressures are strong enough to make the securing of the required number of signatures a very difficult and sometimes impossible matter. Then, too, Congress often refuses to propose bills covering matters which are desired by the public or which have been promised in party platforms. Since an almost total forgetfulness concerning planks in party platforms is the rule rather than the exception, the right of *initiative* by the voter would serve to hold a party to its promises and prevent a platform from becoming a dead letter. The *initiative*, once installed, would serve to keep a party's politicians honest, something which should aid them materially in achieving their eternal destiny.

The health bill submitted to this Congress is another good example. But why go on? Anyone who knows the score can recite a number of bills which were picked in committee during the present Congress and which, since they related to the common good, were worthy of a decision one way or the other.

The *referendum* works much like the *initiative*, except in reverse. How many times has the American electorate found itself gasping at the sheer audacity of government

legislation and administrative decisions which seem to decide solely in the interests of privileged groups and against the interest of the public at large? Congressmen and other public officials often prefer to serve the interests of small groups rather than the welfare of the people. The *referendum* could stop much of this; for, upon presentation of the required petition, the matter in question would be submitted to public decision. It would be settled by a majority opinion of the voters, not by a small handful of officials who evidently feel that the support of privileged interests is more valuable than the support of the electorate. The *referendum* would constitute the American voter as the final court of appeal in matters in which there is reasonable doubt that justice had been done to the public.

The *recall* has to do with the recalling to private life of officials who perform in a manner absolutely contrary to their promises while candidates. It seems to be the prevailing mode for a candidate to make very constructive promises while running for office. Once in, he does pretty much as he, his party machine, or certain vested interests want him to do. He then depends upon an "issue" to befog the voters' minds when he comes up for re-election. Perhaps he relies on riding the coat-tails of his party or of one of its major candidates. Or else, a few months before he comes up for renomination and election, he proceeds to draw a number of red herrings across the trail of his electorate's minds. He trumps up some issue by which he diverts the minds of the people from his previous poor performance and, again full of wonderful-sounding promises, hopes that the voter will again look to the future and not to the past. Unfortunately the voter often does this very thing. Under present circumstances, when the voter feels that he has been filched in electing a person to office, he feels that nothing can be done until that person comes up for re-election, except, perhaps, to spur him on to proper action through private and public

criticism. Since the average office holder has a hide like a rhinoceros, criticism's shafts have little effect upon him.

The *recall* would end all this. A candidate, once in office, could not feel secure regardless of his forgetfulness of the public weal. Upon a proper petition, the matter of his continuing in office could be made the decision of his constituents. After a few replacements of officials because of their failure to serve the public interest as they had promised

during their candidacy, the number of similar occasions would no doubt become increasingly rare. Once the elected candidate is made to feel that election to office does not necessarily mean that he shall serve out his term, office-holders will become vastly more careful in how they conduct themselves as public servants. A recall would largely put an end to the disgust with and disappointment in an office-holder which the American voter usually feels after he has elected him.

The above suggestions are merely the mechanics or tools of democracy. To talk of democracy and its prerogatives without any means of bringing them into real being is to talk of something which doesn't exist. The American public needs a firmer control over the administration of its public affairs than it now has; and mechanics such as the above must be instituted if we are to be democratic in practice instead of in name only. We must work at making democracy work.

## OUR LADY OF FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 234)

Catholics as anyone, as is evidenced by our prayers, practically all of which are petitions for material favors and blessings. If there is something we want bad enough, we might even go to the trouble of making a novena, generously giving Almighty God nine days, etc. in which to grant our requests. From the nature of our prayers it would seem that we have lost all trust and confidence in God's wisdom and ability—that although He has given us life, He does not know how to provide what is necessary and good for us. We try to bend Him to our will, the gist of our prayers being, "My will be done, not Thine."

How many of us ever think of *giving* to Almighty God without expecting something in return; such as offering a prayer, a novena, the Way of the Cross, the Rosary, Holy Communion, or the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with no other intention than that of making reparation? Would it not soften the just wrath of Almighty God if from every altar in the United States on the First Friday and First Saturday of every month was offered the Mass for the sole and special intention of reparation. Perhaps you can arrange to have such a Mass offered in your parish church; or possibly you can join an organized group like the Knights of Columbus, etc., in observing an hour of nocturnal adoration; or maybe practice the devotions of the Nine First Fridays or the Five First Saturdays, all with the object of making reparation. Then, perhaps you might be one of those rare trusting souls who still has enough faith and confidence in the providence of Almighty God, that you would be willing to give Him all your thoughts, words, actions, and your entire life in reparation for sin; depending on His wisdom, mercy and love to provide your spiritual and temporal necessities. Such an exalted personal

consecration can easily be made each day merely by using the Morning Offering for this purpose as follows: "Oh Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all my thoughts, words, acts and sufferings of this day in reparation for my sins—and for the horrible offenses, and crimes of others committed against Thy Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Thy Mother." Much more important than words, of course, is to *live* this consecration and offering.

All of the above are excellent, but *voluntary* acts of reparation. Even more pleasing in the sight of God are the *involuntary* acts of reparation. They consist in accepting without complaint the trials, tribulations and sufferings of everyday life. They consist, also, in the "fulfillment of daily duty"—which means accepting and discharging to the best of your ability the spiritual and moral responsibilities and obligations of your state in life. Each day, be it in the home, office, factory, store, convent, or on the street, hundreds of "little crosses" present themselves. Then can be wasted, or used as an opportunity for making reparation merely by repeating the prayer given by the Blessed Virgin to the three children of Fatima: "Oh my Jesus, I offer this for love of Thee, for the conversion of sinners, for the intentions of the Holy Father, and in reparation for all the wrongs done to the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

Perhaps you may be the very last soul of that "sufficient number" Our Lady of Fatima is seeking who are willing to grant her requests, particularly of reparation, thus strengthening her hand that she may hold back the avenging arm of her Divine Son. Have you not at least some sacrifice you can give the Queen of Heaven that She may obtain the conversion of Russia and grant peace to the world?

# THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens, running serially in *The Grail* by special arrangement with the author and publisher, may be bought in book form from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. The price is \$2.25. This book is a sympathetic and frank appeal to girls to retain the beauty of their pure souls. No more appropriate gift could be found for any girl from six to sixty. Introduce it to the Pastor, to the Sisters, to parents, to all girls. They will be grateful to you. The author is Father Vincent McCorry, S. J.

## BOY-CRAZY



ACCORDING to the learned child psychologists, who sometimes know everything about children except who made them, the normal child in the first stage of his social life is asexual; that is, he is without consciousness of sex. The small child romps with various small companions, and he knows that some are boys and some are girls, but the fact conveys nothing to the

child and makes little or no difference in his attitude toward his playmates. In the second stage of social consciousness a sharp change takes place. The child seems to arrive at some sort of vivid realization of girls as girls and boys as boys and more or less promptly and powerfully experiences a sense of revulsion for the group to which it does not belong. During this rather lengthy period the voluntary segregation of the sexes is not only almost complete, but even enthusiastic. Little girls shrink from the company of boys, partly because boys are "rough" and given to hair-pulling (amazing, how the characteristics later change!); partly because their sports make little appeal to her, but chiefly and vaguely because they are boys. Boys in this period experience a positive horror of feminine companionship. The small lad takes infinite care not to be found in the company of girls, because the haunting fear of his existence is that he will be dubbed a sissy by the other masculine small-fry.

Then comes the dawn of adolescence, and the young boy and girl, impelled by purely physical forces which in themselves are entirely pure, sud-

denly and painfully and joyously become conscious of one another in a wholly new and thrilling way. Now, in the wisdom of a loving Creator, the boy and girl are drawn to one another far more powerfully than they were formerly repelled, for now begins that warm and mysterious process which will end, speaking generally, in the formation of a new family and the creation of new souls; and so God's wise and good plan moves gently and strongly to its appointed end.

The Catholic boy and girl will be neither embarrassed nor particularly excited by this marvelous and moving process, but will admire it enormously. The youthful period of association between the sexes would not be nearly so delightful were it not preceded by the childhood era of segregation. And, of course, the indefinite continuance, for all, of the early segregation would be destructive of human happiness and God's ultimate plan. The normal boy and girl should be able to experience and survive the adolescent period of association as naturally as they passed through the earlier era of segregation.

In this matter, as in so many others, the perennial danger lies in exaggeration. People ought to fear exaggeration or excess far more than they do, and much more as the old Greeks feared it. Excess is always destructive, whether it be excess of eating (impossible with the young) or drinking (very possible for anybody) or sleeping or talking or patriotism or tolerance or human love or piety. Among the most rewarding virtues in the whole catalogue of human rectitude should be listed a positive passion for normality. Normality does not mean laziness, mediocrity or cowardice. It means balance, modera-



tion and common sense. Anyhow, the menace in the present subject-matter is the exaggeration of youthful attraction and association between the sexes. When this regrettable phenomenon takes place in the case of a girl, we describe her with a blunt and unlovely phrase. We say she is boy-crazy.

It may as well be recognized at once that no girl would ever admit that she suffers from this unfortunate weakness, just as no human being will ever admit that he is crawling with jealousy. But, before a Catholic girl hastily or airily dismisses this matter from mind, we would beg her to bear with a brief description, a mere thumbnail sketch, of the type of young woman in question. What are the characteristics of the boy-crazy girl?

The first mark of the boy-crazy girl is something that cannot be marked at all; except by herself. The trait is this: she is constantly thinking about boys.

A somewhat careful explanation may be needed here in order to avoid any harmful misunderstanding. There is no question at the moment of downright evil thoughts. Moreover, every normal girl does a certain amount of day-dreaming, of harmless, fairly idiotic, mental romancing. What makes the difference is an adverb. Any girl thinks about boys. The girl under present scrutiny thinks about them constantly, or almost constantly.

The Catholic adolescent cannot too early come to the realization that sex is not life, but only one of the many diverse elements that go to make up life. The whole business of sex has been stupidly and maliciously exaggerated in our time. A normal girl will accept God's physiological arrangements as one of the concerns of life, and as an important concern; but she will not become obsessed with the matter, any more than she will allow herself to become a monomaniac on any other subject, whether it be bridge, or playing a bull-fiddle, or collecting tropical fish. Hence, if a young woman finds that her habitual thoughts are almost exclusively of young men and that no other subject really interests her, she had better consider the possibility that she is slipping into the category under present discussion, and had better take strong and prompt measures to get out of it. Such a measure might be to take charge of her mind, rather than letting her mind take charge of her.

The second indication of the malady in question is downright embarrassing. This girl positively trails boys. Surely, every young woman knows both by training and instinct that in the basic relationship between the sexes it should be the male who pursues and the female who is pursued. This is not for a moment to outlaw or even to belittle all those



"Two, please."

pretty strategies by which the alert female subtly summons the male to the pursuit; yet, as women know better than anyone, there is a definite limit to this sort of thing. Let a young woman exceed in feminine wiles, and, in the estimation of all decent people, she immediately falls from the ranks of respectable women into a quite different class. It is painful and embarrassing to observe how regularly a certain girl will appear wherever and whenever young men congregate. And if she thinks for a moment that young men do not notice this particular phenomenon, she certainly doesn't know much about males, for all her thinking about them.

An even more upsetting trait of the male-order girl is the observable fact that she dresses for boys. The common impression that the impelling motive behind female adornment is to catch the male eye is largely untrue. Women dress to please themselves and to impress other women. This young woman, however, chooses her skirts and sweaters and dresses and swim-suits with an eye to the masculine eye. The girl may be only silly, but she is not really modest.

Finally, and most sadly, the young woman who is so deplorably preoccupied will, in the extreme case, hold peculiar and even startling views on the subject of what is right and what is wrong in the dealings of girls with boys. She will not freely talk about her views, particularly in a Catholic academy; but she may freely follow them. This is the pitiful girl whose dates with boys invariably end on a sofa or in a parked car. This is the girl whose favors and encouragement bring Catholic boys to confes-

sion on the morning following a date. This is the girl who constitutes a detestable libel on all Catholic girls, and a burning, scarlet shame to Holy Mother Church.

We may add one very odd fact which many have noticed about boy-crazy girls; but perhaps it is not odd, after all. This sort of girl frequently does not marry, or marries unhappily. Young men, particularly those of Catholic background and training, are not actually such case-hardened villains as they may at times appear, and are rarely such fools as some girls seem to think. A weak and tempted boy may like an evil act for the moment, without particularly liking the companion of that act at all. Many a lad suffers a violent and permanent revulsion of feeling between the time when he sins and the time when he is sorry; and he wisely prepares to cut himself free from an entanglement which, he sees clearly, will eventually mean more pain than happiness for him.

There is a current manner of speech by which people now express an admirable, if somewhat elusive, idea. They speak with enthusiasm of a ball-player's ball-player, a musician's musician, a doctor's doctor, a reporter's reporter. The phrasing stems from the familiar saying that this was a man's man, meaning a man who was admired and respected by the best of other men. The idea to be conveyed is unquestionably a kind of superlative; it brims with high praise.

Let us end, then, by urging and begging every last one of the daughters of Holy Mother Church to be a girl's girl; a Catholic girl's Catholic girl.

## THE SIGN THAT DOESN'T SIGNIFY

**D**ESPITE the fact that women are not enthusiastic about philosophical speculation, it may be helpful and even practical to offer at this point a brief, non-technical disquisition on the subject of signs.

The first picture which crosses the imagination when you hear the word "sign" is an image of billboards, neon lights and the lettering on shop windows. "Pat's Barber Shop." "Today: Joan Constance in 'Love in Smoky Mountains.'" "The Pause That Refreshes." "Times Square." "Oysters R in Season." All these precious messages and ten thousand others of equal value come to us through signs, or, as for the medium of the radio, through those signs which we call words. Obviously, the function of a sign is to convey a meaning. If that function is not performed, then the sign has no right to exist. Some cities have street signs which cannot be read; such directives are absurd and should come down, because they do not direct. Similarly, if a sign conveys a false meaning, it is a very bad sign and worse than no sign at all. If, when you are

one hundred miles from New York, you read at a crossroads, "New York: 10 miles," you have every right to be enraged. A sign ought to say something, and it ought to mean what it says. This last, of course, is the trouble with most advertising.

There is a second sort of sign which is slightly different from the first. In New York harbor there stands a mammoth statue. The statue never says anything, but it means something. It is a sign of liberty. At traffic intersections there is a light which is now red, now green. It is all very well to say that such an arrangement is arbitrary, and that the two lights should be lavender and buff, but it remains advisable to recognize the meaning of the red and green lights and to play along with them. The little lights make a helpful, if arbitrary, sign. A sign which every girl knows is a diamond ring. It may be silly to insist that a diamond must necessarily convey a meaning, but it is extremely dangerous to suggest that it doesn't. When men are introduced to one another, they clasp hands. A

savage, watching the scene, might suppose that the gesture was the first step in a wrestling match, or some prompt way of comparing strengths. The people of our civilization, however, recognize the clasp of hands as a sign of friendship.

The conclusion which follows from all this random talk may be stated thus. A sign must not be robbed of its meaning. If the sign does not really signify, it becomes either an insanity or a positive menace. In the final stages of the late war, when the first overtures of peace were made, the American officers ignored the outstretched hands of the enemy, and in so doing they were strictly right. To exchange the sign of friendship with the enemy **while he remains an enemy** is to introduce a note of stark lunacy into human dealings.

In the civilized world which we know there is a gesture and a contact which is understood to be the sign of love. It is the kiss.

The kiss is employed by all those—and, reasonably, **only** those—between whom there exists a relationship of love. The kiss is exchanged between the members of a family. Mothers kiss their children; sons never hesitate, even in the presence of many, to kiss their mothers; brothers and sisters kiss one another; and, to adapt a line, so do their uncles and their cousins and their aunts. Anyone will smile, remembering what perfunctory affairs most of these peckings are. No matter; the sign still has its meaning. There was a time when this sign was exchanged between men, the lips being pressed to the other's cheek in token of that true affection which should exist between those who in some sense are brothers. Even today the men of certain more demonstrative nations employ the kiss. The Jews of old had the custom. When Judas arranged the betrayal of Christ, he chose this manner of pointing out Our Lord in the dark garden, precisely because the greeting would be so natural and expected. And of course, the kiss of peace, in the manner of a formal embrace, is still given and exchanged by the clergy at a solemn Mass. The sign retains all its ancient force: Christians are supposed to love one another.

The kiss as a sign (and it is, or should be, nothing else) reaches its perfection when it is exchanged by a man and a woman who are bound together in the union of true love. In such a kiss and such an embrace there is nothing cheap or silly or comic or lubricious or degrading. The token is being used in a fashion both lofty and authentic; it is being used to indicate, express, and thereby increase, true love. The sign really signifies. Such a kiss is a sublime and holy thing.

It is significant that the very age which has deified love of the sexual sort, and handed it on to our children as the supreme reality of mortal life, has simultaneously debased and degraded love's sign, the kiss. Not even the noisiest of Aphrodite's sworn disciples, weak-minded or vicious as they are, dares

pretend that a girl can love every young man with whom she associates, yet they keep assuring her that with all propriety she may kiss any boy with whom she spends an hour or an evening. Here again we recognize with endless bitterness the awful crime which has been committed against the foolish innocent by the malicious sophisticates of this world. We blame a girl for making herself so sickeningly cheap. Yet she is only doing what the smart contemporary world, what Hollywood and the cheap magazines and the beastly advertisements tell her to do. Small wonder that Our Blessed Lord, in His own lifetime, said some strangely harsh things about the world and the devil and their conspiracy against the weak flesh.

The plain, discouraging truth is that for many a boy and girl today the kiss is no longer a sign of love. It is no longer a sign of anything. It is either a brutal, physical sport, or—God save the mark!—a payment.

We will barely and unwillingly notice the degrading idea that the girl is somehow indebted to the boy for taking her out, and that the coin of her payment is the kiss. The suggestion bears a distinct and malodorous resemblance to commercialized vice. For Catholic girls, nothing more need be said.

The kiss exists, now, for its own sake, without relation to meaning of any sort. It is sought, given and exchanged, not to express and glorify a gorgeous reality, but to yield a momentary thrill. The kiss used to rise up from the heart; now it is chained to the body. It used to incarnate the high aspirations of two who loved; now it embodies the lowest desires of two who lust for one another. The kiss was once a poem and a song; now it is a kind of silent blasphemy. So ends the modern history of the sublime sign of love.

Like every other portion of the noble human body which the most high God first lovingly formed out of the slime of the earth, the lips are a miracle and a meditation. The lips of the infant draw life from its mother's breast. The lips help, throughout life, in the normal, necessary functions of eating and drinking. The lips play their part in the wonder of speech and in the equal marvel of silence. The lips make a straight line of courage in adversity, and softly part in the rare moments of surpassing joy which this poor world affords. The lips whisper the act of contrition, and open to welcome the white flake that is Christ Jesus. The lips will taste a last anointing with holy oil, and—their last loving sign, please God!—will be pressed against the crucifix in the very article of death. The lips will be gently closed by loving hands, and will open again one day to sing forever the rapturous praise to the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

It is these lips which sweetly yield to the beloved the lovely sign of love. Let them yield nothing else, ever.



# COLOR LINES



## *A Christopher at Work*

**I**T WAS surely something of an honor for a girl to be elected a member of the Student Council. At least it was a triumph here at St. Raphael's College where women students had so recently been admitted to the halls of learning that for nearly a century had been open only to their brothers. Mary Brent was, moreover, the only woman student on the council, and she was quite sure that her small voice would not count much for or against any matter which it might be the honor of this august body to decide. But she would do her best. She would be a voice—if only the voice of one crying in the wilderness for the women students who were outnumbered on the campus seven to one, thanks to the G.I. Bill.

It was still very early in the college year—October only. There had been but two meetings thus far, and these had centered about arrangements for the Harvest Prom, the first really big social event of the season. That was already well under way. The ballroom and the orchestra were engaged, and the only thing now was the sale of tickets. These were \$3.50 a couple—a little high perhaps, but the orchestra was a famous one, and the junior class sponsoring the prom mustn't go in the hole so early in the year. That would be bad for any future social activities.

Yes—the tickets were out and selling astonishingly well for the

price, for everybody knew that the G.I. Bill allowed nothing for such luxuries. Mary was glad that the tickets were going so well for she was also ticket chairman for the prom. And then the very day after the sale had begun a freshman girl came dashing up to Mary. She was literally breathless from nervous excitement, and she could barely manage to gasp the paralyzing news—"A colored girl has just bought tickets for the prom!" A colored girl — — Bought tickets for the prom — —There would be Negroes at the prom—at the St. Raphael Harvest Prom! These thoughts were pounding their way through Mary's consciousness, and for the moment she did not say a word. It was such an unexpected announcement that she had no words as yet.

"Didn't you hear what I told you?" the breathless freshman was saying. "A colored girl—a *Negro*—has just bought tickets to the prom!"

"She has?" replied Mary. "How do you know?"

"Why I saw her! I was standing near the table where they are selling them in the publicity office, and believe me I never hope to see more panic on anyone's face than there was on Jim Flaherty's when she came up and asked for two tickets."

"What did Jim say?"

"He didn't say anything—He just reached for two tickets and gave them to her.— —And she never even

asked if they were selling them to colored, but just took it for granted. Crust I'll say!"

By this time Mary's thoughts had been falling into Christian and logical order and she said, "Why should she ask? Don't all the posters say 'Tickets on sale for all students' and 'All students are expected to support the prom' so she's just acting within her right as well as her duty as a student, isn't she?"

"But Mary," the freshman girl continued, "even granting that, you surely must know that Negroes are barred from every room of the Palm Hotel, much less the ballroom."

By this time, several other students had joined the group. Via the trusty grapevine the sensational news was flashing across the campus, and everyone was saying that quick action was imperative. Indignant young voices were demanding that all further sale of tickets should be denied to Negroes. Who would have dreamed that they would attempt to force their way to a white prom—and St. Raphael's exclusive prom at that! There was no telling where this might end, and something would have to be done, and done immediately.

Mary Brent knew indeed that action of some sort was imperative. But just what action? In the welter of outraged voices she was unable to think at all, much less straight. She had no classes for the next two



periods, and she must get away to some quiet spot where she could think. Where? The Chapel yes—that was the place where she could be sure nobody would disturb her. As she was making her way there, she dropped in at the publicity office and told Jim Flaherty to discontinue the sale of tickets to *everyone* until further notice. "But remember, Jim," she said, "you're to give no reason for this."

Mary found herself slipping into one of the side pews of the college chapel. But even before she was on her knees, she knew that she didn't need prayer for enlightenment as to her duty. She knew only too well that there was but one way out—the way of fairness and justice, the Christian way. She had studied all about minorities in her sociology courses. She had even done some case work and had written two or three term papers on the subject of race discrimination. She thought she knew all the answers. Here was a new case study—right here under her very nose.

St. Raphael was a Catholic co-ed college. It was under the direction of a religious order of men and was the only school of higher learning in this fair-sized Midwest industrial town, with its doors open to students of all creeds and races. This was the first year, however, that colored students had been admitted, although Negroes represented a fair percentage of the town's population. There had been an occasional Negro in the night classes or in the summer school. But never before had they been full time students in the day classes. The number was very small as yet, perhaps only fifteen or twenty. But there would be more in time. Of these fifteen or twenty, only two were Catholics, since the number of Catholics among Negroes of the town was negligible as it is elsewhere in the U.S.A. Everyone thought that the very acceptance of Negroes at St. Raphael's was a gesture of extraordinary tolerance and generosity in a town like this where universal Jim Crow restrictions assured white supremacy. But then the Archbishop

had said that no Catholic schools could deny admission to Negroes who applied. So what could St. Raphael do but accept them—a few, at least.

There Mary knelt, staring into space. Here was a problem that had to be solved. But it was not one that could wait for a leisurely solution. It had to be settled—a line of action, at least,—this very day if possible. Here was a case upon which the future policy of the school would rest with regard to Negro students. It was only the first, Mary knew, of many which would inevitably present themselves in the college. Up to the present there had been no policy in the matter. With the exception of an occasional discussion in sociology classes, Negroes were no more a matter of concern for the machinery of the school than were lepers, or live stock, or atomic bombs. But from today it would be different. Mary was aware that her eyes had focused upon a dim fresco of Christ blessing little children. Was there any connection between that and her thoughts? Not much, she thought—but there was one thing that she would do first, and that would be to go to Father Matthew's office and have a talk with him. He was kindly, wise, and elderly. He was not a member of the administration, but he was a theologian. Above all he was a good listener. Yes, Mary thought—it would be well to consult a theologian in such a crisis. To her nervous knock, five minutes later, she was relieved to hear Father Matthew's cordial "Come in." The gracious smile and paternal manner of this veteran missionary of twenty years in the Orient made it easy to tell this very perplexing story. The old priest listened without interrupting to Mary's problem to the point of her visit to the chapel.

"And now, Father," Mary was saying, "what must be done?"

"What do you think, Mary?"

"Of course the right thing, Fa-

ther. One never really has the choice between right and wrong, has one?"

"Well then?" Father Matthew queried.

"But, Father, it's easy enough to know right principles. But the practice—in this case, at least—will be very difficult. There are so many people involved."

"I suppose you're thinking," Father Matthew went on, "that the outraged feelings of about a thousand white students as compared with justice for fifteen or twenty colored students produce a pretty lopsided situation?"

"Well,—yes—and—"

"And you're looking for some sort of compromise?" asked the old priest quietly.

"No," Mary said, "that's just it, Father. I don't want to compromise. One can always do that in one way or another to get out of a tight place."

Just here Father Matthew's face with its fine sensitive lines assumed an expression of something very like exultation, and he said, "Mary, dear, you're right. There are times when compromise may have its place. But this isn't one of the times. I've watched you grow here at St. Raphael's for three years, and I think I'm making no mistake in my belief that you'll see this thing through the right way—the just way—the Christian way."

"But Father, I'm only one person, after all."

"But don't forget, Mary," Father Matthew continued, "one person on the side of right is already a majority."

"But you know, Father," Mary interposed, "it will come up before the Student Council. And suppose nobody else sees it as I do?"

"That, Mary, is your problem now. Make them see *your* point of view. And I'm not going to tell you how to go about it, for I'm pretty sure a woman will have her own

*Sister Agnes Immaculata, SND de N.*

way of doing that thing. I give you this advice only—you must do it. Don't ask the administration to make the decision. If they should take it out of your hands (which I hope they won't) you won't be responsible. But as long as the matter rests with the Student Council, you must fight for justice. And justice in this case is nothing less than that these Negro students, few though they may be, enjoy the same rights as all other students at St. Raphael's. God bless you, Mary, and I think you'll come through okay."

"Thanks, Father," Mary said, and

hotels, and indirectly racial barriers in the town.—But then—on second thought that wasn't so easily done. This dance had to go through now. The contracts were signed for the ball room and the orchestra. And as for threatening to withdraw patronage this time or at any future time—that would be utterly ridiculous, since the Palm Hotel as well as all other reputable hotels in the town operated along strict Jim Crow lines.—And then, suppose the Student Council wouldn't support her views? It all seemed a hopelessly vicious circle, and Mary was al-

but frigid. "All Negroes in this town are well aware of the restrictions, and they will not attempt to gain entrance at any hotel of any standing."

Mary was amazed at the calmness of her own voice as she asked, "But what if some Negroes should attempt to gain admittance?"

"They will not be permitted to enter." At this point, however, the manager's suspicions were being roused and he asked rather impatiently, "Who is speaking?"

"Mary Brent, the chairman of the St. Raphael Harvest Prom to be held at your hotel on October 28."

"But why, Miss Brent, are you inquiring about the admission of Negroes?" the manager was saying.

"Because," replied Mary, still calmly, "there will be some Negroes in attendance at that dance."

There was now a note of alarm creeping into the manager's well controlled tones as he asked, "Why will they attend?"

"Because they are students at St. Raphael's," Mary said.

"I didn't know that there were any Negroes in attendance there," the manager replied in surprise. "But why did you sell them tickets, which I presume you have?" His alarm was now easily heard over the wires.

"Because they are students, and as such, entitled to all privileges that the school offers." Again Mary was impressed with her own boldness.

"Well, Miss Brent, all that I can say is, that you should not have sold them the tickets."

"It was done, Mr. Brandon," Mary explained, "before anyone was aware of the possible complications. But what I want to know now is this—if they come, as they surely must intend to, since they bought tickets, what action will you take when they arrive?"

"The circumstances place the management in a most embarrassing position, Miss Brent. But we have no alternative but to deny them ad-



"A colored girl has just bought tickets for the prom!"

I promise you that at least I'll fight to the finish."

As Mary left Father Matthew's office, she found herself asking, "Where do I go from here?—What's the next move in this complicated game?" She made a dash down a side corridor to avoid any students. —Yes, that was the next move—to call the Palm Hotel and find out their attitude about the ball room. If they wouldn't accept Negroes, then of course the affair was closed, and there was nothing more to be done. At least the responsibility would be shifted from the school. Perhaps things would work out smoothly, after all. But just as Mary was nearing the telephone booth, she had started on a new line of thought. Here was an opportunity—a wonderful opportunity to break down social pressure in the

ready thoroughly discouraged as to any successful outcome. But then, one could always try. She dialed the hotel and asked for the manager, Mr. Brandon.

Mary found herself saying without revealing her identity, "Do you accept Negroes as guests at the Palm Hotel?"

"NO" the answer clicked with all the finality of the spring of a steel trap.

"At no social functions whatever?" Mary continued.

Again with devastating finality, "Absolutely no."

"What if some Negroes should present themselves among the white guests at a private social function at your hotel?" Mary calmly asked.

"They would not come," the manager's voice continued, polite

mittance," was the unqualified answer.

"Thank you, Sir," Mary said. "That is really all I want to know. We shall have to refuse the further sale of tickets to Negro students. And we shall inform those who already have them of your decision. But then, I cannot assure you that those who have already bought tickets will abide by your decision and remain away from the dance." Mary was amazed at her own temerity as she continued, "You see, Mr. Brandon, I want to be fair to both sides. You know as well as I do that you cannot legally bar Negroes from your hotel. And it's just possible that this is a test case, especially in view of the recent affairs of discrimination which have been given publicity in the city.—You see, I want you to be prepared for whatever may happen that night. And of course I also want the Negroes to be warned of what they are to expect."

Just here the manager's voice broke in, and it was a shade less decisive than it had been. He was saying, "How many Negroes have bought tickets?"

"Not more than three or four couples, at the most," Mary said.

Just here a wonderful thing seemed to be happening. A note of conciliation was detected in the manager's voice, and Mary's ears were electrified at his closing words, "I shall take up the matter with the board, and if you will call me tomorrow at ten, I shall give you our final decision. Don't do anything until you hear again from me."

Mary Brent was certainly more than a little dazed as she made her way down the corridor from the telephone booth. What if the hotel really intended to scrap its Jim Crow policy and allow the Negroes to attend the prom? But it was silly to entertain such fantastic conjectures. Things like that happened only in fiction. And even though the hotel did break down and do the unbelievable thing—that would be only half the battle, for there was still the student body to reckon with,

and Mary knew only too well how many diehards there were on the campus.

The last two hours had been exhausting for Mary, and she decided to cut her last class, for she was not equal to meeting any more people today. She would go home early and get some extra sleep against the coming battles to be fought. The October sun was enfolding the campus in a soft haze of golden light, and Mary felt her spirits lifting in the bracing autumn air as she hurried on her way out of St. Raphael's grounds. She had not heard behind her the hurrying footsteps of one who was trying to catch up with her. She was a bit startled as a pair of running feet slowed up beside her, and the voice of Joe Caldwell the secretary of Student Council was saying, "Didn't know you were leaving so early—glad I finally found you. There's a special meeting of Student Council called for tomorrow at one, and you've got to be there.—Heard about the mess we're in about the colored kids? Nerve, I'll say, trying to horn in on our dance—think they'd know their place and stay with their own kind—"

"Joe, I'm ashamed of you! And you a Marine with battle stars from Guadal Canal and Iwo Jima—"

"What's that got to do with it?" Joe cut in with some surprise.

"Well, all I can say is it's too bad you went so far to risk your life a hundred times to learn so little about what you were really fighting for!"

"Gosh, Mary,—don't be silly. Do you want to dance with a Negro?"

"That's not the point—and what's more, if I did want to I probably wouldn't get the chance—"

Here Joe interrupted impatiently, "Would you mind, Mary, telling me just what the point is?" He was now showing rising irritation.

"The point," said Mary rather icily, "is just this. Those Negroes had no more to say about the color of their skin than you did about yours. They're students here at St. Raph's,

and they're entitled to the privileges of any other student. I'm going to S. C. tomorrow to see that they won't be deprived of their rights simply because their skin happens to be a shade or two darker than mine. And what's more—I expect you to be there and to be on *my* side—which happens incidentally to be the right side." Mary's last words were, "So long, Joe. I've got to catch the 3:30 bus." And she hurried away leaving Joe as baffled as he had ever been before a Jap pill box.

At the dinner table that evening, Mary was disturbingly silent, and her father commented on it. But she made no explanations, fearing to tell her family what she planned to do on the morrow lest they should disapprove. And she dared not risk the possibility of allowing her family to weaken her resolve. She spent a restless night, punctuated with dreams in which she pleaded with a Student Council whose every member met her arguments with scorn.

Next morning precisely at ten she was at the telephone, and to her astonishment the Manager of the Palm Hotel said, "Can you give us an assurance that the Negro students will conduct themselves in a becoming manner at the college prom?"

"I think I can, Sir," was Mary's immediate reply.

"In that case, then," Mr. Brandon continued, "the management will make an unusual concession and permit your Negro students to attend the prom, provided they restrict their presence to the ball room. Under no circumstances are they to go to the bar."

Mary could not quite remember afterwards just what she had said in expressing her thanks. But she knew that she had managed to say something about the fine spirit of tolerance shown by the management and the far reaching consequences of such action. But she was not quite certain that the management had waited to hear the end of her speech. What sensational news this

would be, she thought, for the meeting of the afternoon!

When Mary Brent appeared a good ten minutes ahead of time for the conclave of the Student Council, she found a larger number of students than she had ever seen before at such meetings. Student Council meetings were always open to all members of the faculty and student body, though only elected members were eligible for discussion or voting. The large numbers on the sidelines today clearly indicated that all felt that the issues to be faced were packed with dynamite. The young chairman, a former Air Corps pilot, opened the meeting with all the precision of nerve control which his three years of service had given him. He placed before the group the question at issue and asked them to weigh the matter in the light of Christian and democratic principles of justice and equality for which a Catholic college stands. From the sidelines the chairman sensed a wave of feeling unmistakably hostile. But he appeared to be unaware of it as he calmly announced the news which Mary had given him in advance—that the Palm Hotel would accept Negro students and their escorts at the prom on the same status as whites. A wave of amazement now succeeded that of hostility from the sidelines.

The first two members of the council prudently presented the opinion, so they said, of the majority of the St. Raphael student body as well as of the faculty and administration, namely—that Negro students should be barred from the prom, not of course for any personal reasons, but merely as a matter of precaution. The student body at St. Raphael's were not quite ready yet for anything so radical. Approval here from the sidelines.

It was Mary's turn to speak next. Her words were few, but her position unmistakable. She said: "I've always been proud of the international character of St. Raphael's student roster, embracing as it does many foreign students from Japan, China, Puerto Rico, the Hawaiian

Islands, South and Central America—to say nothing of the U.S.A. family names which tell of ancestry from almost every country in Europe. Furthermore, St. Raphael's welcomes students of all creeds or none. Will St. Raphael's jeopardize their splendid cosmopolitanism by barring a few Negro American citizens from a social function, purely because of the color of their skin." The sidelines were sullen.

Ted Lanocheck, the halfback spoke next. Ted's fame was not restricted to the glories of the gridiron. Who had not heard of his formidable array of military decorations? Who did not know that he had survived the Death March on Bataan? A wave of confidence which his presence on the football field invariably inspired now gripped the audience as they waited for his steady quiet voice. He said, "I didn't rot for three years in a Jap hell hole to come back home and deny freedom to any American citizen because of his color. Fellow Members of the Council, I ask you to vote in favor of the Negro students attending the prom." The sidelines were silent. There was no further discussion. The chairman called for a vote, and the results were ten to six in favor of the Negroes.

The bell was sounding for the first afternoon class, and students hurried from the assembly out into the crowded halls where personal comments were drowned in a babel of voices. But one could not miss the expressions of resentment only too clearly stamped on many young faces—those who had sat in the sidelines. The historic decision had been handed down, and news of it had swept the campus within an hour. Race hatred which one would never have suspected to exist at St. Raphael's now burst into flame, and by nightfall practically every student had taken sides, one way or the other—but the majority were on the side of intolerance. If anyone had supposed that a student council could settle such an issue, it was now certain that it could not.

By far the greater majority of

students were indignant as well as alarmed at what they deemed an unjust intrusion into their sacred social domain. During the ten days preceding the actual date of the prom, their indignation was to increase, and men students were much more voluble in their expression of it. The latter spent most of their waking hours conjuring up situations which would virtually reduce the prom to an orgy of lawlessness. They envisioned a veritable invasion of negroes who, arrogant over their unexpected privilege, would make themselves complete masters of the situation. Of the many abominations which they knew could and would happen—they were absolutely certain that colored men would make the most of a rare opportunity to dance with white girls. This, they declared, they would never tolerate. Several ringleaders among the extremists went about the campus urging the carrying of arms as the only means of protection against certain catastrophe. Knighthood was not dead. They would be prepared. The moment a colored student approached a white girl to ask her for a dance, he would find himself looking down the barrel of a revolver. Since it was known that all Negroes carried razors, there would be no telling what bloody scenes the night would bring. But men of honor would be prepared.

Mary Brent was heartsick at the outbursts of unreasoning stupidity which she heard on all sides. But she had learned that there was nothing to be gained in wasting words trying to convince fanatics such as these of the folly of their ways. The situation was not helped either by rumors that she heard of certain members of the administration and faculty taking alarm and wondering if it were not inviting certain disaster to let things go on as they were. The good name of the school would surely suffer from such radical methods. Mary saw but one thing to do—and that was to rally about her the small group of fair minded students, and with them to plan the counter



attack. They would ignore all dire predictions and prepare for the prom as though it were any other in the past. Tickets were again on sale and selling amazingly fast. Everybody was going to the dance now, if for no other reason than to see what would happen.

Meanwhile, Mary wondered if the colored students were aware of the charged atmosphere in which they moved. They all looked so serene and friendly, but then one could never tell about such things. Mary decided to strike up a casual conversation with one of them in order to see what she could uncover. Shortly afterwards meeting Juanita Smith, the recognized leader among the colored women students, Mary made a few remarks on the weather, classes, and finally on the very successful ticket sale. Then Mary ventured to ask, "Going to the dance, Juanita?"

"Yes." Yes was all she said. Mary wished she would say more than that. She would try again. "Like to dance, Juanita?"

"Love to." Period again.

Mary studied Juanita's face closely, but she could discover no shadow of tension on her calm brown countenance. There was only friendliness and good will in her large hazel eyes set so wide apart and now fixed so trustfully on the white girl's face. Mary could not control a feeling of uneasiness and guilt as she continued to meet Juanita's confident though sweeping glance. Mary longed to know more. Afterwards she was not sure how she had come to ask her next question, but she found herself saying, "Have you ever attended a mixed dance before?"

"No," Juanita said. "We colored students were never permitted to attend the high school proms at Central."

"This, then," Mary went on, "will be a new experience for you?"

"Yes," Juanita replied. "We were surprised when they sold us tickets."

"What would you have thought if they hadn't?" Mary ventured.

"We would have expected the usual excuses which the more liberal minded always give—'We would be glad to have you come, but the hotels, you know, won't accept you.' But we are happy to find things different at St. Raphael's, and we appreciate the wonderfully fair minded policy of the school and student body."

Mary winced inwardly as she thought of the "fair minded" student body as she knew it, but she could never let Juanita suspect, and she said gaily,

"So long, Juanita. I have a class now. But I'll be seeing you there—and have a grand time."

"Thanks, Mary," Juanita said. "I know we shall."

As Mary hurried away, part of the weight of worry was lifted from her mind. The colored students, she now felt sure, were blissfully unaware of the consternation they were causing. They were coming to the prom, really believing they would be welcome. What if their trust were to be destroyed at this prom? But it must not. It simply must not. No, the Lord would not let anything like that happen.

After the next class Mary hurried over to the office of the Dean of Women. Throughout the entire prom episode Miss Morrison had been most understanding and encouraging, and today she was as reassuring as usual. "Keep up your hopes, Mary," she said. "In twenty-four hours it will be all over. I've personally interviewed every one of the chaperons, and they've all promised to be on the alert for anything that might happen. But I feel very sure that nothing will happen—or if it does, it will be the fault of the white agitators."

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Long after St. Raphael's Harvest Prom was a thing of the past, people were still saying what a grand affair it was—How poised and gracious those colored students were!—Did you notice how well they danced

and how stunning they looked in formal?—Wasn't it amazing how much at ease they seemed, exchanging greetings here and there with white groups?—And I hope you didn't miss their graciousness in making it a point to speak with the chaperons and the faculty members there.—Of course the colored danced with their own group, but come to think of it, I wouldn't have minded even mixed dancing.—Never would have believed the races could mix so well.—Surely must be something to this interracial talk, after all.

Yes—the chaperons had a most pleasant time, unmarred by a single disturbing moment. Colored and whites danced with their own friends, the floor was large enough for all, and not a gun was drawn nor a razor flashed the entire evening.

As for the belligerents, their fury had long since spent itself in innumerable campus bull sessions, and under the magic of soft lights and alluring music, they found themselves strangely purged of the rancor which had so lately marred their minds and poisoned their words. As their gay young feet moved to the enchantment of a communal rhythm, so too were their minds achieving, for the time at least, a unity of thought and happiness undisturbed by the trivia of color lines. Whatever their previous animosity might have been, the night of the prom found only their finer selves on parade, for youth, after all, is too young for deeply rooted hatred.

The Harvest Prom was soon a thing of the past, but it had ushered in a new era, not only for the college campus, but also for the smug little Mid-West town whose Jim Crow restrictions would never again go unchallenged in the face of new ways of thinking and living at St. Raphael's. And it was all due largely to the courage and confidence of one girl who refused to compromise, and who dared to do the things which everyone else said, even the wise and prudent, could never be done.

# The Philosophy of Our Constitution



HIS anniversary of the Constitution of our country finds it is the oldest surviving written system of government in the entire world. It has withstood with

increasing vigor and stature, the most eruptive and changeable period in human history, while other written systems and constitutions have been blown away like chaff before the gale. Although no day in the calendar has traditionally been set apart to commemorate the writing or the adoption of this historic document, the constitution has always been in the forefront of American consciousness.

The long, hot, and dreary Philadelphia summer of the year 1787 was drawing to a close. The date on the calendar showed it to be the 17th of September. The committees on detail and style, a committee that included Samuel Johnson of Connecticut, Alexander Hamilton of New York, and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, had reported their completed labors five days before. The Constitution of the United States was now ready for the signatures of the delegates. Only thirty-

nine of the original fifty-five had stayed, but these now stepped forward and placed their names upon the document.

Called merely for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Articles of Confederation, the convention spent little time on that assigned task. It entered boldly on the task of drafting a new constitution. Conflicts of interest divided the delegates. But on most of the issues a workable compromise was effected. There was a compromise even on the issue whether the new government should be national or federal in character. Make no mistake about the matter. Pessimism, cynicism, bitterness, and fear were in the air 161 years ago just as they are in the air today. But to these feelings, the calm and confident reply of the presiding officer of the First Constitutional Convention is heart warming, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." Need I add that this officer was General George Washington and his words were memorable as he gave his benediction to the great document: "That your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped

with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it."

The Most Reverend William A. Scully, Coadjutor Bishop of Albany, has made this pointed observation about our constitution, "This blessed land has enjoyed the favor of Divine Providence since its inception. It was no mere chance that prompted our founding fathers to establish a new government on the theory of the equality of all men. This equality found its origin in the fact that all men were endowed with the same "inalienable rights" bestowed on them by their Creator. If we deny this fundamental American dogma, the whole foundation of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution will be swept away. Man would then become an insignificant cog in a vast political machine. His rights, so called, would come to him from the state—and the state could take them away at its

*Harold Gluck*

pleasure. This is the totalitarian concept of government which we, as Christians and free Americans, abhor. There are some, breathing the pure air of a free America, who would replace our representative government with that of the police state."

No matter how firm a building may seem, it is only as strong as its weakest link, and this is often its foundation. But our foundation upon which we have reared our constitution and our American philosophy of life is strong, because it has a morally firm foundation, that built upon the concept of God and the rights flowing to man as well as the

"Here we have set forth a sound idea of government and civil authority. Things are put in their right order, with first things first. The individual, the citizen, however humble he may be, is sacred because he is God's creature. He has certain rights given him by his Creator because he is a human being, endowed with intellect and free will, rights which antedate all government, rights which are good even against government itself, his natural rights, in a word, and governments and states exist to protect these rights, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Following the discovery of the

only in relation to that end. 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?' Man's material welfare was the means of promoting his higher activities. His use of this world's goods was to achieve the ultimate goal of union with God.

"Man's relationship with other men was based on a more fundamental relationship, that between himself and a personal God. Justice was a virtue that had as its motive obedience to the will of an infinitely just God. The rights of others were their sacred possessions, inviolable because of the dignity of human nature and the inescapable authority



**As all came from God, all tended to God. Mankind was under the Fatherhood of God.**

concomitant, his duties and obligations. Dean Wilkinson, of Fordham University Law School has clearly set forth our philosophy. "For it has become increasingly evident to all thoughtful men, I am sure, that to-day we are faced with two antithetical theories of government or polity abroad in the world and competing for men's hearts and men's souls. On the one hand, we have our American system, so eloquently epitomized in the immortal language of Thomas Jefferson in our own Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

new world, the colonists brought to the Western Hemisphere the culture of their homelands. The roots of American institutions therefore reach back to the soil of Christian culture and civilization. For the religion of our pioneers was not just a ritual of worship. It was a philosophy of life, permeating man's daily actions. Let us examine this philosophy of life and we will find that it can be called the Christian Philosophy of Life and in turn it is the basis of our American Constitution. The Most Reverend Bryan J. McEntegart, Bishop of Ogdensburg has made this analysis of this philosophy of life and he tells us, "In it, as in every philosophy of life, the key is to be found in man's ultimate values. It recognizes as the supreme possession of man, immortal life; as his final goal union with God. All else in life had value

of God. Liberty and freedom were not the irresponsible yearnings of an unbridled heart, but a God-given faculty to dispose at will of this world's goods within the limits of the supernatural purpose of life.

"The eternal happiness to be found in the unending embrace of God was the center of the Christian philosophy of life, the key to its meaning, the inherent principle of its unity. As all came from God, all tended to God. Man derived his dignity from the image of God impressed on his immortal soul. Mankind was one under the Fatherhood of God. And all men were subject to one universal norm of morality—the will of God, our sanctification. This in brief is the Christian philosophy of life, the wellspring of the most cherished ideals of that spiritual order which we know as Western civilization."

One can even go a step further and in linking Christian philosophy of Life to that of the philosophy of our constitution it can be properly said that there is no country that delves so deeply into the mines of the Catholic past for the inspiration of its own life and action as does our own American land. The Honorable Clare Gerald Fenetry, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia made this clear with the statement that, "The principles upon which this nation is founded are those which the Catholic Church introduced to the world and inculcated as the basis of civil righteousness and social stability.

The cardinal American virtue of the equality of man with man was not born in the American Revolution, though it was then given most beautiful and eloquent expression. It is a teaching of the Catholic Church that has come down to us from at least the third century, enunciated by St. John Chrysostom in Constantinople, beside the throne and in the jurisdiction of the most despotic of emperors. Like some golden thread, it weaves its way through the radiant tapestry of the ages.

We find it in the fourth century in the preaching of Lactantius. We

hear Pope Zachary, in the seventh century, denouncing the tyranny of taxation without representation. We see it in the days of Charlemagne and of Gregory the Great. We perceive it in the luminous thirteenth century on the inspired tongue of St. Thomas Aquinas. Again do we come upon it in its most glorious expression in the fifteenth century by St. Robert Bellarmine, followed in the sixteenth by his brother Jesuit, Francis Suarez.

Not only was Thomas Jefferson acquainted with St. Robert Bellarmine's doctrine of popular sovereignty, but he drew from the great Jesuit Saint in many instances the identical words which he later wrote into the immortal Declaration of American Independence.

Today, our constitution, and with it, Western civilization, face the challenge of a radically different philosophy of life, Marxian Materialism. The key to that philosophy as to all others, lies in its ultimate values. The horizon of Marxian Materialism is drawn in to the ponderable things of life. Its ultimate goal is the unrestrained exploitation of material wealth. Its standard of human conduct is whether an action promotes or retards world domination by the proletariat.

Karl Marx stated, "The democratic concept of man is false. The democratic concept holds that each man has a value as a sovereign being. This is the illusion, dream and postulate of Christianity, namely, that man has a sovereign soul... If we speak of individuals it is only in so far as they are personifications of economic categories and representatives of special class relations and interests." Lenin stated, "Religion is the opium of the people. And this postulate is the cornerstone of the whole philosophy of Marxism. Atheism is an integral part of Marxism. Consequently, a class conscious communist party must carry on propaganda in favor of atheism." And Earl Browder stated, "In going among the religious masses we are for the first time able to bring our anti-religious ideas to them."

Like an island in a sea of darkness stand the trinity, our constitution, our way of life, and the Catholic Church. We talk about a "cold war" and it has been going on for ages, the forces of darkness against those of light; Anti-Christ against Christ; Truth against Error; Hatreds against Love; and Hell against Heaven. The tragedy spelt in blood and suffering is twofold, first that man has often been so blind he has been unable to see the issue. And second, when he has seen an issue, he has often been mistaken in the belief he could reconcile that which was by its inherent nature irreconcilable.

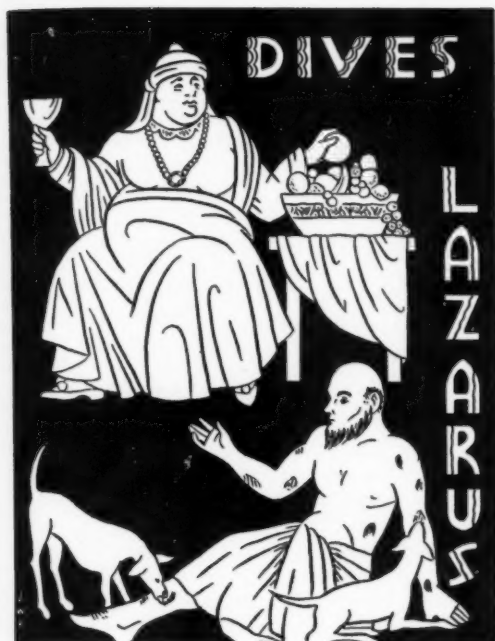
The words of His Holiness Pope Pius are in place, "The great hour of Christian conscience has struck. Either this conscience awakens a full and virile awareness of its mission of aid and salvation for a humanity endangered in its spiritual body; and then it will have health and verification of the formula promised by the Redeemer, 'Have faith, I have conquered the world.'

Or else, God forbid, this conscience awakens only in part and does not give itself courageously to Christ, and the verdict, the terrible verdict—is not less formal, 'Who is not with me is against me.'



"And no more putting 'P.S. YOU LUCKY STIFFS!!' at the ends of these dividend declarations, Miss Glamm!"





# YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

the gate, his appearance was so disgusting that the dogs used to come and lick his sores.\* It would appear from the Gospel that Dives was not moved to pity the poor man's condition, because we read that Lazarus soon died and was carried to heaven by the angels to be placed for all eternity in the celestial paradise. Shortly after, the rich man died too, but unlike Lazarus, he was buried in hell to suffer with Satan—unceasingly.

Tormented by thirst, Dives looked up from the abyss into heaven, and seeing Lazarus in the fatherly care of Abraham, begged the latter to permit Lazarus to give him the merest drop of water to relieve the choking thirst. But Abraham was forced to deny him even this, for, as he explained, a great gulf, across which there was no passing in either direction, had been fixed between them. His thirst could not be quenched—ever. And, as though he would apologize, Abraham further explained that the situation must be so by reason of his past life. He had chosen to enjoy his happiness while on earth and must accordingly suffer in eternity, while Lazarus, who had received nothing but hardship in his lifetime, is perpetually consoled in union with God, the supreme Good.

The recounting of this parable does not mean to condemn the rich. It is a fact that there are not a few who have wealth and use it unto their salvation by relieving the poor. Nor is it meant to preach social equality. Considered in the universal light of the destiny of their human souls, men are indeed created equal. Yet men are not born equal; from birth until death there exist countless differences. However, aside from all these things,

\* According to the Confraternity Commentary: "The dogs are mentioned not to show that at least they had pity on Lazarus, but to show his extreme affliction, for dogs are considered unclean animals in the East, and this only added to his affliction" (p. 275).

KENNETH WIMSATT, O.S.B.



VERY ordinary problem among very ordinary individuals within the human brotherhood is the one that sets them wondering why the crook prospers so happily during life while the honest and struggling "little" man never seems to get past a state bordering on positive need. Why does God allow them to arrive at even earthly

happiness seeing their methods of acquiring wealth are so dishonorable? Wouldn't it be more according to His nature that the honest should prosper and the wicked suffer in poverty? How is it that divine Providence allows this seeming contradiction?

There is no contradiction and let me tell you why.

First of all, have you ever read the Gospel story of Lazarus and Dives? Maybe you haven't, so let me recall its incidents. Lazarus is a bedraggled pauper, hungry and covered with sores. Dives, on the contrary, is well-fed and wealthy, dressed in purple and linen; he smells of the precious ointment generously dabbed about his clothing.

Lazarus used to lie at the gate of Dives' mansion hoping to be fed with the crumbs that dropped from the rich man's table. While he lay there at

the real lesson to be gained from the parable is that the prosperity of the selfish rich is only apparent; it is not genuine, but merely a superficial contentment that secures them pleasure for the very brief space of an earthly lifetime.

In a materialistic age it is difficult to sing the glories of poverty to people who yearn for riches and measure a man's success by the "pile" he has acquired, honestly or otherwise. But stop for a moment and *think*. Why do the poor envy the rich? Could it be because they have not comprehended the blessings of their poverty nor looked beyond their earthly life to find genuine happiness and security? If the poor man is envious of his wealthy brother, he has not yet understood Jesus Christ's words, spoken in St. Luke: .

... I say to you, do not be anxious for your life, what you shall eat; nor yet for your body, what you shall put on. The life is a greater thing than the food, and the body than the clothing. Consider the ravens: they neither sow nor reap, they have neither storeroom nor barn; yet God feeds them. Of how much more value are you than they! ... See how the lilies grow, they neither toil nor spin, yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass which today is alive in the field and tomorrow is thrown in the oven, how much more you, O you of little faith! And as for you, do not seek what you shall eat, or what you shall drink; and do not exalt yourselves (for after all these things the nations of the world seek); but your Father knows that you need these things. But seek the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be given to you besides.

Our Savior is not advising here a passive existence, but he is discouraging all anxiety in the running of life's course. What real worth is added to a man's quality when all his magnificence and grandeur is not as glorious in God's sight as the common lily-of-the-valley? Remain detached from things of the world, and let God be your treasure. The more love you waste on these perishing creations, the less you have to spend on Him. "Where your treasure-house is, there your heart is, too."

There can never be any reasonable cause for the poor to emulate the rich simply on account of their wealth. It is like seeking the world's goods in order to buy hell!

Throughout the Gospels Jesus Christ extols poverty. It has its surest sanction in that He Himself embraced it. On the other hand, he warns the rich in the person of the young man (Luke 18:18-27) that, wealth is a serious stumbling-block in the way of salvation. Look what happened to Dives. It's pretty hard for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Better by far is the want and

struggle of the poor—provided he accepts his state and understands its advantages—than the comfortable plenty of the wealthy slave of mammon. Take the Son of God's word for it and share in an eternal inheritance.

A contemporary French writer once said that the poor man who rejects his poverty as something to be despised in favor of wealth and "security" rejects Christ and crucifies Him anew. The poor have elsewhere been called "the cornerstone of humanity," for by their suffering and endurance in persecution and injustice they preserve mankind from total corruption and annihilation.

Remember that God's great plan of salvation is not fulfilled in time but in eternity. He did not promise us wealth and honors while on earth; all these he denied to Himself. We cannot expect to acquire that which the Gospel does not promise. Accordingly, we ought not seek to obtain in this life what God has reserved for the next. It is true that poverty has few material rewards on earth, but the real payoff will come in heaven. St. Paul assures us: "We have not here a lasting city." Look to the end!

Possibly my reasoning has not convinced you. Then blush when I reveal the mainstay of my arguments—none other than God the Holy Spirit. Back in the days when David was king of Israel, the Holy Spirit would frequently move him to compose religious poems of varied themes and suited to different occasions or spiritual experiences. The following is one of those poems from which I culled the ideas for this article, since I considered that its content was especially appropriate to console a lot of people living in a postwar world. Read it through once; it may have the answer to your anxiety. If it appeals to you as containing the antidote you were looking for, simply detach the psalm and pray it again when the old trouble comes back. I think you'll find the Holy Spirit a very reassuring influence Who never fails to restore peace to hearts that seek Him in simplicity and trust.

#### PSALM 36

**Counsel to avoid murmuring, and trust in God:**

Be not angry because of evildoers, nor envious of them that work iniquity;

For like the grass they will soon wither and like green herbs they will fade.

Hope in the Lord and do good, that thou mayest dwell in the land and enjoy safety.

Delight in the Lord, and he will give thee what thy heart seeks.

Commit thy way to the Lord, and hope in him, and he will bring it to pass.

And he will make thy justice rise like the light,  
and thy cause like the noonday.  
Rest in the Lord, and hope in him,  
Be not angered in regard to him that prospers  
in his way, of the man who devises evil things.  
Cease from anger and put away wrath; be not  
angered, lest thou do evil.  
For evildoers shall be destroyed; but they that  
hope in God shall possess the land.  
And a little while, and the wicked man shall be  
no more; and if thou look for his place, it  
shall no longer be.  
But the meek shall possess the land, and shall  
delight in abundance of peace.

**The prosperity of the wicked is shortlived:**

The wicked man plots against the just man and  
gnashes his teeth at him.  
God laughs at him, for he sees that his day  
is near.  
The wicked draw the sword, and bend the bow,  
to strike down the afflicted and the poor, to  
slay them that walk in the right path.  
Their sword shall pierce their own hearts, and  
their bows shall be broken.  
Better is the little of the righteous than the  
great wealth of sinners;  
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken, but  
the Lord upholds the just.  
The Lord has care for the life of the upright,  
and their inheritance shall be forever.  
They shall not be confounded in the time of  
disaster, and in the days of famine they shall  
be filled.  
But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of  
God shall wither away like the beauty of the  
meadows, like smoke they shall vanish.

**The reward of the just is certain and lasting:**

The wicked man borrows and does not repay,  
but the just man feels pity and gives.  
For those whom he has blessed shall possess the  
land, and those whom he has cursed shall be  
destroyed.

A man's steps are made firm by the Lord, and  
he approves his way.  
Although he falls, he is not utterly cast down,  
for the Lord holds his hand.  
I was a boy and now am an old man, and I  
have not seen the just man forsaken, nor his  
seed begging bread.  
At all times he feels pity and he lends; and  
his seed shall be blessed.  
Turn from evil, and do good, that thou mayest  
abide forever.  
For God loves justice, and he does not abandon  
his saints;  
The wicked shall be destroyed and the seed of  
the wicked shall be cut off.  
The just shall possess the land and shall dwell  
therein for evermore.  
The mouth of the just man utters wisdom, and  
his tongue speaks what is right.  
The law of his God is in his heart, and his  
steps do not falter.

**The final contrast between the just and the wicked:**

The wicked man spies on the just man and  
seeks to kill him.  
The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor  
will he condemn him when he shall be judged.  
Trust in the Lord, and keep his way;  
And he will exalt thee so that thou shalt possess  
the land; joyful, thou shalt see the destruction  
of the godless.  
I saw an ungodly man in his haughtiness and  
spreading himself out like a flourishing cedar.  
And I passed by, and lo, he was not; and I  
sought him, and he was not found.  
Mark the upright man and consider the just  
man: for to the man of peace belongs progeny.  
But sinners shall all be wiped out, the progeny  
of the wicked shall be cut off.  
The salvation of the just is from the Lord; he  
is their refuge in time of trouble.  
And the Lord helps them and delivers them; he  
frees them from the wicked, and saves them,  
because they flee to him for refuge.

## PILGRIM VIRGIN ITINERARY

**Archdiocese of Chicago, Illinois—August 23 to September 16.**

Twenty-four Chicago churches will be visited during this period. Headquarters of the Pilgrim Virgin Escort will be St. Clara's Church, 6427 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**Diocese of Lansing, Michigan—September 18 to 26.**

Including visits to Benton Harbor, Jackson, Fowler, and Flint.

**Archdiocese of Detroit, Michigan—September 27 to October 10.**

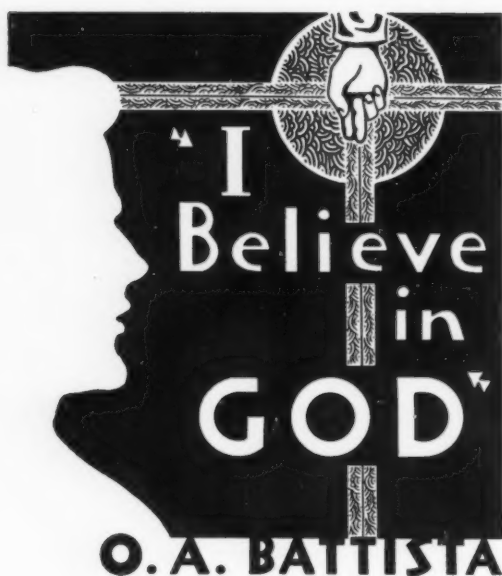
Itinerary of the various Churches to be visited is being arranged by Rev. Francis L. Van Hout, Detroit, Michigan.

**Diocese of Saginaw, Michigan—October 11 to 13.**

**Diocese of Steubenville, Ohio—October 14 to 19.**

**Diocese of Burlington, Vermont—October 23 to November 1.**

Visits to Churches in Bellow Falls, Rutland, Burlington, Montpelier, Barre, and Johnsburg are scheduled.



**S**CIENCE is knowledge that has been and is being accumulated by human beings in an effort to satisfy their natural curiosities about phenomena which play an important part in their lives. Despite the tremendous amount of information that has been compiled through the decades, anyone familiar with the facts will concede that we have only scratched the surface of the reservoir of knowledge that still lies beyond, far beyond, the grasp of the combined intellectual and experimental facilities of human genius.

To me, as a Catholic scientist, the revelations of science merely supplement the far more comprehensive revelations of Faith. They present tangible glimpses of the boundless paradise which our Creator has stored away for those who sincerely follow His stipulated Way of Life. The relatively few facts that we have learned about the laws of the universe without exception stimulate and confirm my unequivocal Faith in God, the omnipotent and all-merciful Creator of the universe.

The great Catholic convert G. K. Chesterton once wrote, "Among all the strange things that men have forgotten, the most universal lapse of memory is that by which they have forgotten that they are living on a star." How many of us ever think now and then about the tiny and relatively insignificant planet Earth on which we live and die

amidst the colossal immensities of the boundless universe?

For example, let us ponder the fact that here we are, and here we have been, millions of us, seemingly isolated on the planet Earth which is floating like a single dust particle in the sun's rays along a mathematically charted route at the terrific speed of about 18 miles per second!

The sun is about 93,000,000 miles away. Yet, when we look at it, we see light that left it just about eight minutes before. We know this to be true, because light which is one of the frailest entities known to man, is travelling toward us from the sun at the phenomenal rate of 186,000 miles per second!

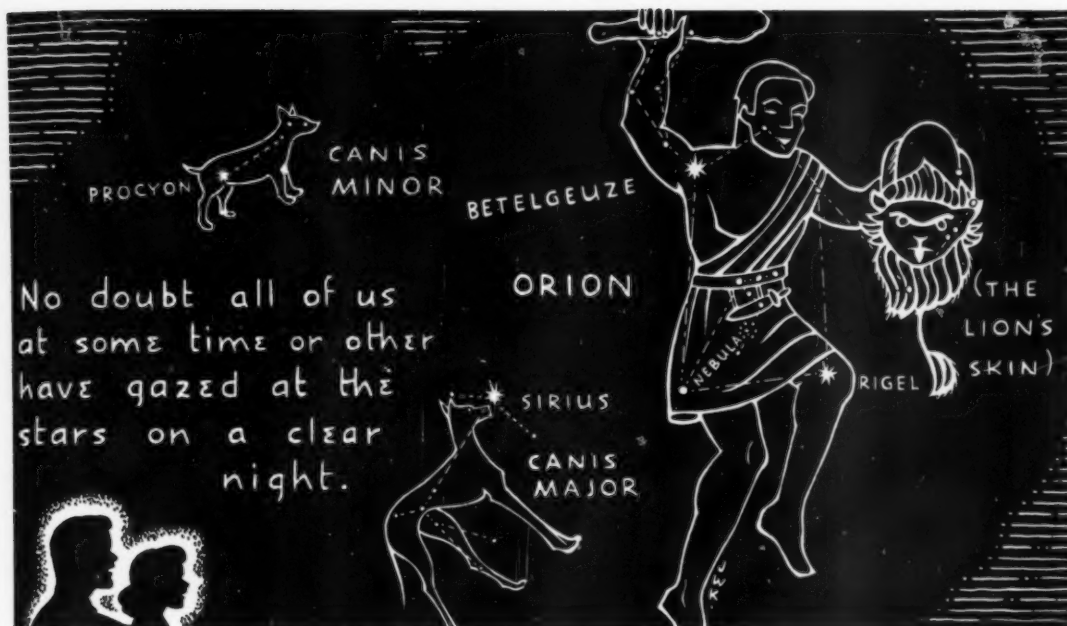
Maybe these figures seem enormous to you, but can you even attempt to picture in your mind how far out there in the blue sky are the stars from which light started on its journey toward the earth several hundred thousand years ago, and hasn't reached us yet!

How many of us in our hustle and bustle from day to day ever think of the fact that every living thing on the earth would be completely destroyed, either by the most extreme cold that would make arctic temperatures seem like a hot summer day or the most extreme heat that would be at least something like the temperature of Satan's favorite chair—if he has one, if God permitted the sun to pour down on us just a little bit less or a little bit more of the energy it now sends us twenty-four hours of every day? Just because the clouds on a dull day hide the sun from our sight we must not forget that the sun is still there. And we should thank God that it still is there because if it were not, all forms of life on our planet would be wiped out.

We are told, too, by scientists who should know that far out in the universe there are bodies of matter so huge that they could absorb our entire planet Earth in much the same way as the ocean absorbs a drop of rainwater. Every now and then one of the huge bodies of matter, called a supernova, explodes with terrific violence.

If the sun decided to explode into a supernova the heat generated would be so tremendous that every human being on our terrestrial globe, every mountain, and every drop of water in the oceans, every grain of sand, the world as we know it





in its entirety would burst into a rocket of gas within a fraction of a minute!

No doubt all of us at some time or other have gazed at the stars on a clear night. With our adequate but very weak eyes we may have seen at most a few thousand different stars, but astronomers tell us that relatively we are seeing only a small fraction of them. There are millions and millions of stars that show up when a powerful telescope peeks at the sky. By comparison with most of them our planet is no larger than a marble beside the Empire State Building.

Now let us examine a few of the scientific revelations about things that are closer to us. It takes a good clock a bit over thirty years to tick one billion seconds. But we know with surprising accuracy that mother's favorite thimble, when it is filled with what seems to be emptiness—a gas, contains over thirty billion tiny particles called molecules. And furthermore we know with equal accuracy that these billions of tiny molecules are travelling at thousands of feet per second, colliding with each other so often and so fast that we think we see absolutely nothing.

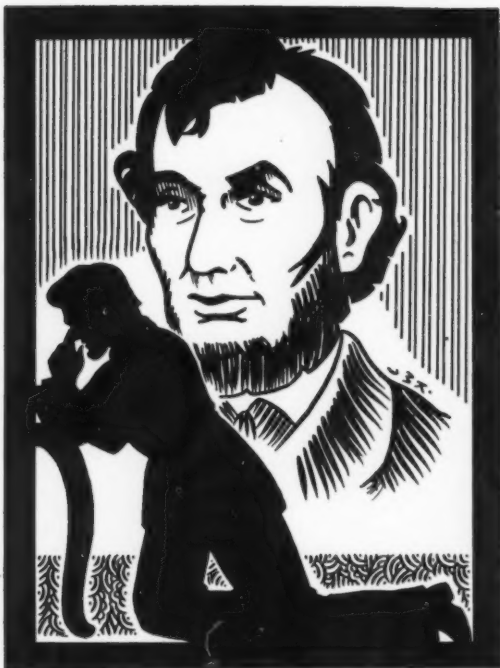
And doesn't air seem to be one of the lightest things we know. But there is so much of it around

us and above us that its weight exerts a pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch on everything. In fact quite a few decades ago a man by the name of Pascal calculated that the whole mass of air that surrounds our globe weighs 8,983,889, 440,000,000,000 french pounds. This figure not only tells us that air is heavier than we think when we have enough of it, but it also strains our knowledge of arithmetic.

There are rays called Cosmic Rays reaching the earth that can go right through as much as eighteen feet of solid lead metal. But nobody knows how they originate or where they come from!

Of course, all matter seems to be tied up in some way with that something, about which we know practically nothing, called electricity or its manifestations. The next time you pick up a glass of water, or an ice-cube with a pair of tongs just think of the fact that physicists have calculated that there is enough energy locked in those atoms to drive a battleship back and forth across the ocean. You'll feel more powerful after you have downed the water.

I'll never forget the time I tried to explain to an old man, some years ago, just how the common



**Abraham Lincoln once said in his characteristically honest manner, "I have often been driven to my knees because I had no one else but God to go to."**

radio works. How those little tubes would pick out the radio waves after they had traveled hundreds of miles, after they had passed through hundreds and hundreds of buildings, even through people, only to show up in the loud speaker unchanged and exactly as they were emitted. He just sat there startled, slowly shaking his head and repeating: "God is wonderful, God is wonderful."

At current inflation prices, the chemicals in a human body—whether it be that of Einstein or a pauper, could not possibly net more than *one* crisp dollar bill on the open market. And yet, does not a mother see a million million dollars in the little bundle of life and love which she holds close to her breast while rocking her child to sleep?

Yes, we need only glimpse casually at an intricate incomprehensibility of the perfections of our own bodies to become taut, for example, at the realization that less than one two-thousandth of an ounce of a chemical called thyroxine is all that lies between the cleverest human being and blank

imbecility. God is not only wonderful, but He is also so good and merciful and omnipotent and everlastingly solicitous.

Man is more than a conglomeration of billions of atoms and molecules; he is much more than matter. For material things by themselves could never instigate crusades for a just cause, inspire men to lay down their lives in the defense of their country or for the cause of their Faith, nourish human love, demonstrate genuine sympathy, muster courage, appreciate honesty and truth, or enjoy life.

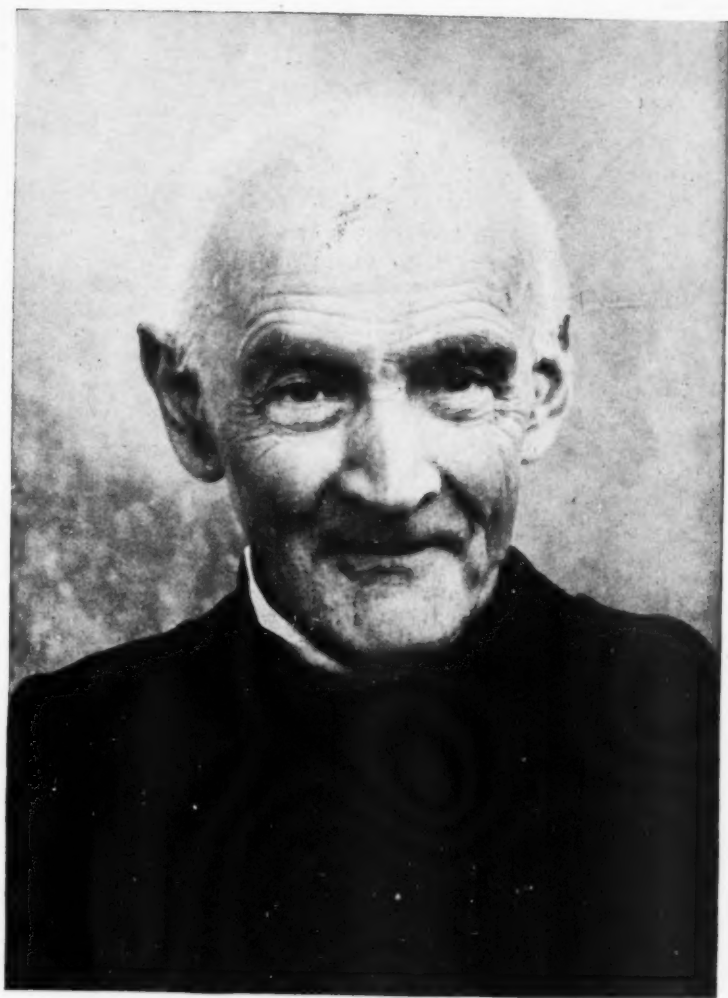
Material things by themselves would still be deposits of stone in the earth's rugged crust, dirty ores at the base of a mountain, or a thousand other unused resources of nature instead of a Hoover Dam, an Empire State Building, a highway, a park with monuments, or a house, but for the guiding Hand of God. It is the soul of man, made to the image and likeness of his Creator, which gives life and meaning to the speck of dust to which the human body could be reduced.

To know and understand the laws whereby the stars are guided through the heavens along mathematically precise courses, to see and study the consistent perfection of nature which surrounds us, to live from day to day with boundless faith in the coming of each new dawn or the perennial magic of spring, to comprehend the processes whereby the perfect synchronization of millions of light vibrations permit you to read these lines, is to witness firsthand revelations of God's Omnipresence and Omnipotence.

Abraham Lincoln once said in his characteristically honest manner, "I have often been driven to my knees because I had no one else but God to go to."

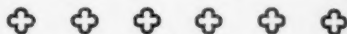
Modern revelations such as the few I have described should and must activate more and more men with a sincerity of faith, and bring them to their knees? In this age of science, when God has permitted us to learn so much and witness so many revelations of His handiwork, men must raise their heads to heaven and thank God for His Benevolence and Goodness.

Firstly as a Catholic, and secondly as a scientist, it is with the deepest fervor and sincerity of faith that I say, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. . . ."



*Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.*

Each month a novena of Masses is offered at St. Meinrad's Abbey, from the 15th to the 23rd, for the beatification of Brother Meinrad and for the intentions sent in by our readers. Address all petitions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana. A copy of the picture of Brother Meinrad, the same size as printed on this page, may be had for ten cents.



## FATIMA PILGRIMAGE

Arrangements are being made for a National Pilgrimage to Fatima in Portugal for the celebration of the 31st Anniversary of the Apparitions of the Blessed Mother there.

Father Paschal Boland of *The Grail* will accompany this pilgrimage. Readers of *The Grail* are invited to send him Spiritual Bouquets that they wished placed at the feet of Our Lady in her shrine. It is prayers and sacrifices that Our Lady has asked for. Thus it is fitting that we bring her the gifts that she has requested for the conversion of sinners and of Russia.

Since there are many who would like to make this pilgrimage, but find it impossible because of the expense, Father Paschal will represent them and make the pilgrimage in their names *provided* that during the days that he is on the pilgrimage each one will offer the fifteen decades of the Rosary in reparation and for the intentions of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Anyone interested in doing this will please write to him and ask for a Pilgrimage Pledge Card which he will send as a reminder to them of their pledge to say the fifteen decades of the Rosary and as a pledge from him that he is making the pilgrimage in their name. These may also send him their special intentions which he will take to Fatima and place at the foot of the Miraculous Statue.

Write to:

Reverend Paschal Boland, O.S.B.  
Fatima Pilgrimage  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

